

Idle Dreams
An Idle Day
H.E. Harman

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IDLE DREAMS OF AN IDLE DAY

BY

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AUTHOR OF "DREAMS OF YESTERDAY," "GATES OF
TWILIGHT," "A BAR OF SONG," ETC.



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CONTENTS

I

DREAMS OF AN INLAND SEA

CHAPTER	PAGE
I DOWN THE OLD MATANZAS	3
II ALONG THE FAMOUS HALIFAX	11
III ALONG THE INDIAN AND ST. LUCIE	16
IV BISCAYNE BAY AND BEYOND	23
V IN LOTUS-LAND	28

II

DREAMS IN THE OPEN

I SPRINGTIME AT MILDORELLA	35
II CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART	41
III GOLF AND THE GOLFER'S REWARD	44
IV A CHRISTMAS EVE AND A CHRISTMAS DAWN	50
V ZOLA GORDON — AN IDYL OF LONG KEY	54

III

LITTLE SERMONS FOR EVERY-DAY LIVING

I THE LIFE SERENE	67
II IDEALS IN THE SPIRIT OF HIGHER LIVING	72
III THE GENTLE ART OF BEING KIND	82

FLORIDA SHORES

I

The white sails fill before an urgent wind
That blows from off some shore of verdant hue;
God's sunlight falls where sight and vision end
And makes the dream of other days come true.

Yon stunted pines bend low against the sky,
Dwarft for an hundred years by scanty soil,
Like eager souls, without the wings to fly —
Held down by want and unrewarding toil.

A day with wind keen set from Southern shores,
A day with breakers tossed from East to West —
A day of sea-life, which the heart adores —
A day the soul of freedom loveth best.

II

Twilight off shore — near-by the mist and maze
That come with night, and nightly moan of sea —
Twilight on ocean's sad, mysterious ways
That leaves its softened glow and gloom with me.

Tall palm trees frescoed on a sky of blue —
White gypsie clouds on vagrant errands bent: —
My boat, the river, dreaming eyes and you,
Behold my kingdom in a word — "content."

DREAMS OF AN INLAND SEA
CRUISING ALONG THE EAST COAST OF FLORIDA

IN MEMORY OF CRUISING DAYS

Oh! the glory of it all, the freshness and the sting of the salt breezes, as I now look backward, down the many miles of inland cruising along the Florida shores!

There looms the vigor of youth in every dawn, the halo of exhilaration in the sunshine of each noon-tide and into the shadow of every twilight the benediction of peace finds its way.

Oh! the rest that comes to weary eyes, looking across the far-going leagues of peaceful waters and the peace that soothes the soul in the quietude of lonely harbors, untenanted, save by our tiny craft.

Here stands out a long stretch of shoreland, from which bend the graceful forms of trees, there is a vista of waterway, going beyond the reach of vision into the fairy-land of the ideal, while above float lazily, the gipsy clouds, like the shadows of come-true dreams.

There were nights so weirdly beautiful that one protested the approach of sleep, fearing to miss some new phase of this strange mixture of darkness and silence.

There were skies so clear and low-bent that the face of the calm water became as a meadow of star-like daisies — moving only when touched by some perfumed breeze.

I recall the silence of our out-of-the-way anchorage, so tense, that the occasional lumbering of the surf, on the distant beaches, seemed like the voice of a god.

I have never learned to measure the glory of these memories and so I have put into this little book a brief outline of what they are, as we sailed in search of a dreamer's world.

DREAMS OF AN INLAND SEA

I

DOWN THE OLD MATANZAS

The Charm of Cruising — Four Florida Cruises — Along the Matanzas River — Historic Shores — A Port for the Night — The Flowing Road

AWAY from the dust of Atlanta, its whirl of busy activities, its noise and its rush, we are tied up here in the wilds of Florida for the night — just the happiest little cruising party you could possibly find. When we left the Terminal station we said good-by to all our cares; when we stepped aboard the “Weona” at St. Augustine we became close friends of peace and rest and sweet content.

You must know that the “Weona” is our home for the next few weeks, a most comfortable cruising yacht, 52 feet long, with ample deck room, big steamer chairs and sleeping accommodations for a party of six, also quarters for a crew of three people. She is in charge of Captain W. J. Henry, who knows every mile of the Florida coast and under his pilotage the trip could not be other than safe, and from a pleasure and rest standpoint, this is the “only way.”

THE CHARM OF CRUISING

There are so many people who go every summer, when our climate is delightful, to White Sulphur, White Mountains, “Atlantic cities,” Bar Harbors and other resorts “for rest”— and then stay at home in the win-

ter, when our climate can be so trying. Then there are those who go in winter to St. Augustine, Palm Beach, Miami, etc., "for rest," but return with an increase of that tired feeling. If these would learn the delights of a cruise in Florida waters in winter, the inland water-way of the East coast would be a high-road of pleasure craft from St. Augustine to Key West.

Frankly, a private boat and private party, is the only way to enjoy Florida in an exclusive manner, which appeals to all refined natures, when once this delightful mode of travel is understood. On a cruise you avoid the crowded hotels, the expensive ones with their quick-rich show and pomp, the cheaper ones, with all classes of creation to come in contact with. It is the ideal of exclusive travel — of rest, relaxation and real enjoyment. One who has learned its charm will rarely travel in any other manner.

Florida is a place of strange contrasts. The great state is free to all and all make use of this freedom. For over twenty years I have found in its soft climate an asylum from the danger of winter's cold, but I have likewise found there every kind of traveler known to this country.

In the big hotels you meet the better people of the nation, the people who know life and know what it is and what it is like. But in the big hotels you also find the other kind also — those who have found fortune quickly and know not what to do with their money — the silly, spendthrift class, whose expenditures would make you ashamed of your own outlay — but whose acquaintance you very discreetly shun.

FOUR FLORIDA CRUISES

During the last eight years it has been my good fortune to enjoy four extended cruises in Florida waters — this present one making the fifth. In the winter of 1908 I chartered an auxiliary cruiser at Miami, the

"Gloria,"— a splendid craft for use in southern waters. The crew consisted of four persons and there were four in our party. We used the inside water-way from Miami almost to Key West and back — the weather being perfect during the entire two weeks we were out.

In December, 1910, my daughter Mildred and myself cruised from Ft. Myers on the west coast, down into the Ten Thousand Islands. On this trip we had to run for over 40 miles on the Gulf of Mexico — there being no inside channel from Sanibel Island to Marco Pass. We selected a clear day and made the trip without stop. For weird beauty the Ten Thousand Island country is without doubt the most wonderful section of Florida.

Four years ago I used the "Florence W" out of Miami — cruising in this section of Caesar's Creek, Angel Fish Key and the beautiful expanse of that inland sea — known as Blackwater Bay. Cruising through the passes, on this trip, we had some wonderful fishing over the reefs out in the Atlantic.

Last winter we used the "Weona" out of St. Augustine, covering part of the same waters we shall cover this year in the same comfortable boat, that is going from St. Augustine to St. Miami and return, via the Matanzas, Halifax, Indian and St. Lucie Rivers, Lake Worth and Biscayne Bay.

DOWN THE MATANZAS

Late in a gray afternoon of early January we leave behind us the soft tints over St. Augustine and the "Weona" points her nose southward for a run of 400 miles straight down the East coast.

There is something about the start on a long cruise which cannot be told in words — a kind of absolute content, a letting go of all tension, a yielding one's self up to rest and peace which no other method of travel can give.

We make comfortable in easy steamer chairs on the

upper deck, watch the ever changing river line and note at every bend of the Matanzas some new picture of unexpected beauty. It is all wonderful — this changing panorama — the tall palms, the broad marshes, the distant shore line, draped in moss, and to the east frequent glimpses of the sea, with its wild spray flying in the air. It was up this river that the Spanish pinnaces sailed when Ponce de Leon first began his search for the fountain of youth. Here came the ships that brought the early pioneers who started the first settlement in America at St. Augustine. And up this river for 300 years afterwards came the fleets of Spain, France and England — all contending for the possession of Florida the beautiful.

ALONG HISTORIC SHORES

There is no part of our United States coast, on either the Atlantic or Pacific side, that is so rich in early romance and legend as that of Florida.

One can hardly round a promontory or rest within a cove of this long and wonderful coast without the thought of meeting some cavalier of the buccaneer days, all dressed in the clanking armor of the olden time, when this section was the rendezvous of brave and fearless adventurers.

Out of the mists, off shore, sail the phantom ships, which for over three hundred years haunted this tropical region, searching for treasure, which few ever found. Beneath these waters sleep thousands, in nameless graves, the victims of Neptune's wrath for intrusion into his closely guarded domain.

The Florida coast is a veritable graveyard of fearless, sea-daring men. No record was ever kept of the numberless ships that went down in sight of these shores. The wealth that lies beneath these waters would stagger belief, if these sunken ships could be raised. In the days of the pirate and the buccaneer, vessels engaged

in that perilous business took harbor within these coves and sounds. Many a craft well laden with spoil, though waiting for more, was wrecked and never reported to the outside world, no one escaping to tell the tale of loss in life and treasure.

Few of the thousands who visit these shores annually ever pause to think of the historic importance which attaches to almost every section. A Homer must arise some day to tell the stories which are not myths, but real, and when the great epic is written — as it surely will be — the *Ægean Sea* will not rival our own Florida coast in historic and poetic interest. Almost every key, sound, inlet and bay has its own history, history that is real and only needs the pen of genius to create out of it the best in our American literature.

About these coasts the threads of Romance twine
Along these shores sail crafts like phantoms dim,
And every breeze that wakes the silent pine
Sings for the lost its solemn requiem.

A PORT FOR THE NIGHT

The mists of the gray afternoon begin to thicken over the marshes and over the river ahead and Captain Henry of the "Weona" seeks a place of anchorage for the night. This is found in a quiet little bay — just across the river from Fort Matanzas, which was built early in 1700 by the Spanish to protect St. Augustine from invasion through Matanzas Inlet, which is nearby. This old fort, built of coral rock, stands out on the lonely marsh like a picture of the past, of the days when the Spaniard led all the world in discovery and conquest.

Perhaps the world has never given the early Spanish explorer full credit for what he did in that far-away age, so dimmed by ignorance and false conception of the world and its boundaries.

It was the Spaniard who trailed the first path across

unknown and uncharted seas, and gave to Europe its first knowledge of new lands, teeming with riches, in the West. The brave Columbus stands out in the world's history, like some lone figure of greatness, unapproached by any other. Juan Ponce de Leon, a believer in myth and fable, anchored his ships in the San Sebastian River and planted on our Florida shores the first white settlement in the West and blazed the way for a new civilization, which was to change the history of the whole world.

The Spaniards who built this old fort here on the Matanzas 300 years ago were explorers, gold-seekers, adventurers, but never developers. This fort was built as a matter of protection and not for development. The Spaniard came to take away what others had worked for. He was the destroyer of nations, cities and homes, which centuries of toil had built up. The monuments left in the wake of his march were forts and fortifications, destroyed homes, and a disgusted and outraged people. This trail he left through Mexico, South and Central America and throughout the West Indian Islands. He plundered and carried away, as booty, what it had taken centuries to accumulate by patient toil and industry.

And yet with all of his cruelty — all of his greed for gold — all of his vindictiveness when disappointment crossed his pathway — we must give the Spanish adventurer credit for carrying into the new lands he invaded his school and his creed. The priest and the cross made up part of his equipage for adventure and conquest. On every shore he set up the emblem of his religion and in every settlement he built the church and school. The world may condemn him for his cruelties, but must honor him for the good his adventurous deeds accomplished.

As these thoughts were haunting the twilight hour, the marsh and shore, and main seemed teeming with phantom pictures which had just stepped out of the pages of the past, for all of this section is rich in legend and historic interest.

Darkness settles down, the mist clears away and the tropic stars come out in all their glory. Looking into the water from the deck, the surface of the river is like an inverted sky. Every star above twinkles and dances in the water below. Along the shore belated birds call to their mates, but for this, all is quiet — save the lumbering waves of the sea, which come breaking on the shore, which is separated from us by a very narrow strip of Anastasia Island.

After dinner we have a game of cards until ten o'clock, then go on deck to enjoy the glory of the night. It is perfectly still, save the laziest south wind that blows along, carrying the perfumes of all kinds of flowers. We are miles from any habitation, not even a companion boat in sight. But the silence and fragrance of this night, the murmur of the sea, the glory of the stars all fit us for dreams which come to one as nowhere else. And when we "turn in" for the night we are already in love with the mystery and magic of this life on the water.

We are up early next morning. There is a delicious cup of coffee ready. Then a walk across the island to the beach, through palmetto groves, where there is a symphony of bird music on every side. As the sea comes in view the sun is just lifting above the main — as fair a morning in January as ever dawned over the red hills of Georgia in June.

ALONG THE FLOWING ROAD

The day carries us out of the Matanzas, through a long canal, into Smith's Creek, one of the most picturesque streams in Florida. On every side there are wonderful vistas — tall palms in groups, lonely live-oaks, wild stretches of marsh, over which fly all kinds of water fowl. Then we pass here and there some secluded estate of wealth, with beautiful grounds and flower beds coming down to the water's edge, the home of some one weary of the noise and turmoil of business — who has

found in these secluded wilds a veritable Eden of rest and peace.

Where Smith's Creek merges into the famous Halifax River, just above Ormond, Seminole Island stands out like a picture. All around it tall palmettos lean waterward, and back of these there is a tangle of vines and every kind of blooming thing that flourishes in the tropics.

At sunset we anchor at the Yacht Club in Daytona and another day of dreams has ended that shall ever be remembered.

II

ALONG THE FAMOUS HALIFAX

From Daytona South — Shell Mounds and Historic Remains — Flat Islands
of an Inland Sea — Mosquito Lagoon — End of a Perfect Day

A day with wind keen set from Southern shores,
A day with breakers tossed from East to West —
A day of sea-life, which the heart adores —
A day the soul of freedom loveth best.

OF all the wonderful rivers in Florida, of which that state has more than its share, I think the Halifax the most picturesque, not even excepting the St. Johns and the Indian.

From Daytona to the Haulover Canal was a good day's run for the "Weona," and during this perfect day in mid-winter we had a chance to see the Halifax and its many wonderful attractions. To the lover of beautiful things in nature this river is a poem, a picture — is anything beautiful which you may choose to call it and most of the section through which it flows is as wild and primitive today as it was at the time of its discovery by the Spaniards.

A few miles below Daytona we pass Mosquito Inlet, with its grim lighthouse on the point, around which there is a little settlement, for this inlet is famous for its fishing at certain seasons of the year. Passing this point we get a clear-cut picture of the Atlantic Ocean and on this sunny January morning the sea wears all the beauty of calm and peace — in which rôle she can play the part so well at times. There is a clear sky above, soft breezes coming in from the south and the white sands of the beach glitter in the sun as far as the vision can reach.

Mosquito Inlet played an important part in the romantic history of Florida's early adventurers — it being one of the few inlets along a vast stretch of coast through which ships could pass. Some writers credit this as the pass through which Ponce de Leon made his first entry into the harbor waters of the state when he was hunting the spring of eternal youth. Unlike the average Spanish adventurer De Leon was not in search of gold, but for a spring, whose waters were supposed to restore the vigor of youth. The brave old buccaneer, who had made his fortune, along with others, plundering the South American countries, believed implicitly in the current tradition that a spring of eternal youth existed somewhere in the West. He was growing old and longed for a restoration of youth and manhood which had been squandered in stormy cruises across the Atlantic.

The tropical beauty of the Florida coast charmed his credulous fancy and whether he entered the inland waters through Mosquito Inlet, or farther up the coast, matters little to us. To one, however, who was on an errand like his, the grandeur of these palm-bowered shores must have appealed strongly, and given new faith in his search for the fabled spring.

SHELL MOUNDS ARE FOUND SOME MILES BELOW
THE INLET

The Halifax is separated from the Atlantic by a narrow strip of land. At places this is so narrow that from the deck of the yacht one gets glimpses of the great ocean at frequent intervals. Sometimes this key widens to a mile or more in width and all parts of the land are covered with thick tropical growth, vines and flowers — all in full leaf and bloom in the mid-winter season.

Some miles below the inlet we pass the famous Shell Mounds, supposed to have been built by the Indians before the coming of the white man. These mounds



*"I have felt the very mystery of death itself in
the silence of these tropical mid-nights."*

have baffled the students of early Indian life — some of the theories being that they were built as monuments to their chiefs, others that they served as fortifications, but, of course, there is no absolute proof as to what purpose they served. At places they consist of immense heaps, pyramidal in shape, from 50 to 60 feet in height. These are supposed to have served as "lookouts" for the Indians, from the tops of which they could see over a vast section of country and the ocean as well.

Farther down the Halifax a very tall mound stands, which is known as "Turtle Mound," one of the most remarkable specimens in the state of Florida. This one takes its name from the fact that this particular section was once famous for the turtles that were found here. When the fishermen learned the value of these turtles they were all caught in a few years and today only an occasional one is seen.

FLAT ISLANDS WHERE HUMAN BEINGS HAVE NEVER SET THEIR FOOT

Along toward noon we travel through a section that becomes wilder and more beautiful at every turn. Some of our party had lunch served on the upper deck, rather than miss any view of this wonderful river. At places here the channel is very winding — at some points the yacht has to travel ten miles to gain three miles of actual headway. The river here must be at least five miles wide, filled with flat islands by the hundreds — many of which have never been visited by human beings. Here the channel for boats is narrow and must be well known or one is likely to go astray. At frequent intervals there are government flag poles with a little flag in a box below. If the traveler misses the channel and gets ashore he can lift one of these distress flags and will be rescued by the life-savers, who are stationed a few miles away on the seashore. A tall lookout stands on the shore, near the life-saving station, and the life-savers

go up on this every two hours to see if any unfortunate boatman is in distress. We fortunately passed through this tortuous section without any mishap whatever.

MOSQUITO LAGOON; ONE OF FLORIDA'S
BEAUTIFUL LAKES

The lower end of the Halifax River opens out into an oblong lake known as Mosquito Lagoon. It is a beautiful body of water and affords plenty of depth for the cruiser to go almost straight forward to the southern shore, to where the Haulover Canal has been dug to connect the Halifax with the Indian River. There is nothing of special interest about the lagoon, save that it is one of the most beautiful sheets of water in Florida and its shores will some day be the home of many prosperous families.

Until the Haulover Canal was opened, some years ago, there was no way for boatmen to get from the Halifax to the Indian River. At this point a strip of land, less than a mile wide, separates the two rivers. Until the canal was opened it was customary to haul small craft from one river to the other, hence this place got its name of "Haulover." By opening this canal large yachts can pass through, thus making a continuous waterway.

A flourishing settlement has sprung up here, known as Allenhurst, and at this dock we tied up, just as another wonderful day was drawing to a close. As I stepped ashore the sky to the west was literally hidden by the flight of wild duck, seeking roost on Merritts Island. Out in the lagoon trout and bass and other game fish kept up a continuous splatter by leaping out of the water, while several citizens of the village came forward to give us a warm welcome to this out-of-the-way place in the world.



"The very majesty of land and sky invoked the soul's devotion—while palm trees bent riverward as if to welcome our coming."

END OF A PERFECT DAY

It was all a most delightful ending of a most wonderful day. Before I had taken stock of our surroundings Ed Primus, our chef, came in with six beautiful trout which he had caught from the deck of the "Weona" and which an hour later he served us for dinner.

That night was an idyl. There between the two great rivers, on this narrow strip of land, was peace and quiet and beauty and rest. Last night we slept at the Yacht Club dock in Daytona, with its clatter of civilization all about us. Tonight we are far from the city haunts. It is nature's music we hear, the lispings of the half-hushed night song of a mocking bird, the soft rustling of orange leaves outside, made by the south wind. On the one side sleeps the placid lagoon, on the other the peaceful Indian River. And here at the Haulover, we sleep as peacefully as children, dreaming of the joys that come with the innocence and gladness of childhood. It is all very beautiful.

Twilight off shore — near-by the mist and maze
That comes with night, and nightly moan of sea —
Twilight on ocean's sad, mysterious ways
That leaves its softened glow and gloom with me.

III

ALONG THE INDIAN AND ST. LUCIE

Visions of the Past — The Silent River — In the St. Lucie and Beyond —
A Hobe Sound Enchantment — The Glory of a Tropical Night —
Lake Worth and Palm Beach

The white sails fill before an urging wind
That blows from off some shore of verdant hue:
God's sunlight falls where sight and vision end
And makes the dream of other days come true.

IN the early morning we bid good-by to Allenhurst and cruise out into the wide expanse of Indian River, a very different stream from the Halifax, or Matanzas. The two latter streams are noted for many islands, winding channels and broad marshes, while this one has none of these traits. It is just one majestic stream, very wide, placid and beautiful, in many respects resembling the lower section of the St. Johns.

Indian River is the home of wild ducks. They are here not by the hundred but by the thousand. In some places the water is almost covered with them and the hunter who comes here is sure to get all the sport he may want.

The day is perfect, the sun bright overhead and a light breeze blowing from the west. It is a day for being real lazy and I note the party will sit for an hour or more, watching the changing views without making an effort to talk. And it is a day for dreams. Villages begin to appear along the shore and once in a while we see the passing trains on the East Coast road. But back of this sign of activity one sees through visions, that far away time, when the Indian was master here — he — the red man after whom the noble stream is named.

He knew each pool where the water-lily grows,
 He knew the lake, the forest and the glade —
 He knew himself and God —
 Far more than the white man knows.

Along these coasts were his villages in the long ago; here he hunted, held his councils, planned his wars and smoked the pipe of peace. Even yet, in vision, one sees his phantom canoe go in and out of the many bays, or steer straight across for the other shore. The Spaniard came, the French came and the English came, and at each one's coming, the poor red man went farther into the forest and the wonderful river along which he lived and flourished became a memory only.

HOW WE EXPLORED "THE SILENT RIVER"

We pass Rockledge, Cocoa and other places on the shore and late in the afternoon poke into one of the quaintest little harbors in all Florida, at Eau Gallie, where we rest for the night.

Early next morning we are off for an exploration trip to Banana River, a stream which, by common consent, we named "The Silent River," after our return. This stream flows through the center of Merritts Island, rising near the Haulover Canal, and enters the Indian River opposite Eau Gallie.

It is one of the most beautiful small streams in all this section, its banks fringed with mangroves, back of which all kinds of palm trees grow and every sort of tropical vine and blossom.

We followed this "Silent River" for perhaps ten miles, enjoying every turn, for a new picture of beauty spread out before us at every bend. Not a sound could be heard, not a habitation anywhere, only this silent, tide-flowing stream, the wonderful trees, the shy birds and the occasional scream of a fish-hawk, or a gull, upon whose solitude we had intruded.

At noon we cast anchor in a little cove, encircled with all manner of tropical trees, and went out in our small motor boat for a try at trout fishing. Captain Henry manipulated the steering wheel, while I handled the rod and line. Trolling slowly over the shallow water along the east bank we found the most royal sport. Every time we passed certain points of the shore there was a strike, one, two, three; and every time we landed one of the speckled beauties. After bringing in a dozen of these magnificent fish we returned to the "Weona" for lunch, for rest and late in the afternoon turned westward to our anchorage in the Eau Gallie harbor.

TWO DAYS' CRUISE ALONG THE ST. LUCIE

Two days are spent traveling that beautiful section between Eau Gallie and Palm Beach. In some respects the region of the St. Lucie River is the most interesting section of the east coast. Here we come into the great pineapple country and into the zone of famous orange groves. Nearly all of this coast is becoming thickly settled and is being rapidly developed—not only by those who have winter homes, but by permanent settlers as well.

Through a wild section of islands, canals, inlets and lakes we come to the northern end of Hobe Sound and creep over its smooth surface in the sunlight of a wonderful day.

On this particular afternoon in January our little party went ashore, for all the weather elements had combined to make the day as perfect as a day in the tropics can be. Hobe Sound is perhaps the most beautiful sheet of water in all Florida, some two miles wide and ten miles long. On this silent, placid, inland lake the afternoon sun shone in all its glory, the palm-shadowed line of the shore forming a strong contrast to the brilliantly lighted waterway.

A HOBE SOUND ENCHANTMENT

From our landing place to the ocean is a short half mile, the narrow island lying in shape of a ridge, whose highest point is midway between the sound and the sea. Through an avenue of tall Australian pines we walk to the beach and when we catch the first view of the mighty sea there is an expression of wonder and elation at the magnificent sight. We had just left the peaceful sound, placid and unrippled — here is the mighty main, as yet half angry from the terror of some tropic storm. The waves come in with tremendous swells and break upon the broad white beach, like some living thing that dies from overexertion. Over this half angry, wave-torn stretch of water bends a sky of that bluest blue, which the great hand of nature paints in the tropics only. It was a day with the look of strange, weird memories in its eyes. For more than an hour we sat on the beach and listened to the mighty voice of the deep. Before us was something with a soul, something alive, something awake with human feeling and aspiration — a living thing. Sometimes a wave of double size would break upon the sand — with the moan of human pleading in its voice, crying out, as it were, for vengeance or praying to some unseen deity for peace.

As the twilight came on a light mist quickly arose over the surface of the sea, as if to hide from the heavenly stars the sight of the wave's unrest. We arise to go and yet no one spoke. The spell of the sea was upon each heart. We felt awed by the wonderful sight, the vastness, the unrest — the very human tone of grief in its voice had impressed but not saddened us. The feeling was of uplift, of inspiration, of having been in the presence of some mighty power.

Tall palm trees frescoed on a sky of blue —
White gypsie clouds on vagrant errands bent: —

My boat, the river, dreaming eyes and you,
Behold my kingdom in a word — "content."

THE GLORY OF THE NIGHT

Back through the avenue of pines and the twilight deepened rapidly — as is always the case in the tropics. But in this gathering darkness there was another world alive and awake. In every thicket, bird was calling to bird. Here and there were the home gathering parties, cooing, crooning — or pleading for some belated mate to hasten home. And through these vine-covered thickets a soft breeze came out of the south, sweet with the smell of wild flowers and bending idly the tall pines against the bluest of skies, already set with its silver stars.

Dinner aboard the "Weona" was jolly, and after that followed a few games of bridge. But somehow the little party was in a dreamy mood — the spell of the sea was still upon each soul and one by one we sought our steamer chairs on the upper deck and preferred to dream of a day which had been so complete with peaceful content.

Across the sound went the Palm Beach limited, crowded with tourists for the lower coast — twelve coaches all full of fashion and wealth — all hurrying to some spot where they can over-dress, over-eat and over-drink and make themselves believe they are getting the best of the little game of life. What care they for this little party of content out here on the still waters of Hobe Sound? How dull to them would be this solitude, where there is no music save that of the birds and the sea and the gentle breeze, and no lights at night, save those about our little yacht and the light of the wonderful stars! The flashy hotels at Palm Beach, Miami and Nassau, with all their fashionable dissipations and exactions, are calling them, for they have never learned to love the glory that one finds in the sweet comradeship of

nature, such as each of us enjoys tonight out here on the silent water.

Some of the party doze in the easy chairs and some talk in low whispers. The stilled beauty of the night is so wonderful that any sound seems like touching the wrong chord in this symphony of silence. And yet in the midst of this a lowpitched song comes from the orange grove yonder. It is the night song of a mocking bird, such as we hear on moonlight nights during summer time in our own beloved Georgia. It is the overflow song of happiness, sung while the bird is asleep and dreaming. At least that is the theory of the scientists. It is after midnight when we go below. Even then, as we fall asleep, we still hear the night-song of the bird. And as we sleep our dreams teem with overflow songs of happiness, for the day has been so full of beautiful things.

LAKE WORTH AND PALM BEACH

Above Palm Beach we enter that mystical stretch of inland water known on the map as Lake Worth. It is really a widening of the inland waterway which hugs all this coast, but somehow, there broods above its waters a deeper calm and its shores present a succession of beautiful pictures. It is said that the still beauty of this section decided Mr. Flagler to build his winter home here — Whitehall — and to erect at Palm Beach his wonderful hotels, the Ponciana and the Breakers.

We tie up at Palm Beach after coming out of the mysterious stillness and beauty of the St. Lucie, along which we have cruised for the past two days. As we go ashore, near the big hotels there comes the realization that we are in the midst of life again — and that of the most strenuous character. About the lobbies, the walks and cafés people are all in evening dress. The bars are full of men drinking highballs and cocktails. In the dining-rooms champagne is being opened at almost every table. Everybody seems to have brought their city

energy with them. Only here and there is a quiet guest seen taking life easy and even he is restless amid the incessant activity on every hand.

We go back to the yacht — don our evening clothes and join the busy throng in the café, “just for a night.” It is late when we emerge — nearly midnight — and everywhere people are busy. Many are dancing, many playing cards, in the cafés groups still linger over the newly-filled glasses, sparkling with the brew that “cheers and chills.” Down in the bar there are more men than earlier in the evening, all intent on trying to drink Palm Beach dry and telling how the Allies may win the big war. Everybody dresses to the limit, everybody tries to outshine everybody else, and everybody tries to spend a little more money than his neighbor.

And yet Palm Beach is supposedly a rest resort. All of the natural beauty of the spot is still here, the calm lake on one side and the sad sea on the other; the winds are just as soft and fragrant and the sun never forgets to shine and warm the heart. But when these great hotels loomed upon this strip of land, peace and restfulness departed, for man has made this not a place of rest, but one of the busiest activities. That is Palm Beach in a nut shell.

At midnight we were sufficed. We all long for our accustomed stillness and repose. Back on the “Wenona” we sit on deck a long time, breathing the flower-laden breeze, watching the big stars that tremble on the bosom of Lake Worth and listening to the last strains of the orchestra yonder, still trying to amuse the giddy crowd which will sleep tonight and awake tomorrow and go away soon, all oblivious of the real charm of this matchless spot.

IV

BISCAYNE BAY AND BEYOND

*The Far South — A Flagler Tribute — Miami and Its History — The Call
of the South — Between Two Skies — A Benediction*

ALMOST due south of Jacksonville and 366 miles distant, the Miami River comes into Biscayne Bay as one of the main outlets of the Everglades. Twenty years ago all of that section was a vast wilderness of tropical woods and thickets — a section as primitive and wild as when the Spanish pirates used to anchor in the bay and the mouth of the river. A few families lived in the section, eking out a precarious existence by wrecking and the manufacture of coontie starch. Old Fort Dallas stood on the north bank of the river, near its mouth, a fort which had figured in the early Indians wars, and which has been modernized into a home and is still occupied. At the time the growing of orange and grapefruit was practically unknown and the country was looked upon as a vast waste and unfit for cultivation. As an evidence of its uncivilized and desolate condition the mail was brought down once a week by a man who traveled on foot from a point above Palm Beach, some sixty miles away.

A FLAGLER TRIBUTE

In 1895, Mr. Henry Flagler sent his engineers into this section, who surveyed a railway line, connecting with the East Coast road, the terminus of which was to be at the mouth of the Miami River. Of course, the dream of the "over-sea road," which has since been built, had not then entered Mr. Flagler's mind. The

East Coast road was completed to Miami River, April 15, 1896, and the building of Miami commenced at once. The place was incorporated as a city July 28, 1896, furnishing perhaps the only instance on record in which a full-fledged city came into existence without first having been a town. In Florida 300 registered voters are required to entitle a community to be called a city, less than that number constitutes a town. At the election in July, 1896, a vote of 344 was cast, making Miami a city, without ever having been a town. So rapidly has it grown that today it boasts a population of 25,000 — its matchless climate attracting all classes of people from every part of the world.

From Hobe Sound to Miami is an easy two days' run for our yacht, during which time we wind around many a curved shore and creep into picturesque bays and inlets. Some parts of this trip bring you along shores which are the wildest and seemingly the most deserted of the entire coast. At frequent intervals the waterway narrows into a channel scarce wide enough for two cruising boats to pass, then opening into circular or oblong lakes, dotted with scores of small islands. Everywhere the spell of the tropics is about you — you note it in the luxuriant vegetation and strange forest growths, as well as from new species of sea fowl and birds, which fly away frightened as you turn each bend in this serpentine waterway. It is a section of strange growths — peopled by fowl, bird and beast, who resent your coming, as an intrusion upon their hitherto untrammelled freedom.

MIAMI AND BISCAYNE BAY

Two days after our Hobe Sound enchantment the "Weona" was tied up at the Royal Palm docks in Miami and our party went ashore, somewhat reluctantly, to touch elbows again with civilization. For nearly a week we had lived away from town and city — away from the noise of traffic — amid the silence and solitude of

these Florida shores. All of us had learned to love this peace, this being away from the friction of city life, this tranquillity along slow-flowing rivers and tideless, inland seas. Somehow during these happy days our souls had grown into something finer, there were keener aspirations and each one felt the vast uplifting influence of this nearness to, and comradeship with nature. The soul had outgrown its narrow house of creed and habit, habits that follow a beaten track, when there are such glorious new roads to travel, typified by the vastness of sea and land and sky-creed, habits that love the market place, where the street stones are hard, creeds that kneel in a darkened cloister, when all the vastness of God's outside world is calling to the worshiper.

So we went ashore — out of this peace — into the noise and whirl of modern city life, for Miami has grown wonderfully in the past ten years and is now a thriving resort, not only for the tourist, but for business as well. Here the streets were crowded with gay pleasure seekers, hundreds of automobiles and carriages. There was life everywhere, not only on the streets, but Biscayne Bay was dotted with gay yachts and all along the river piers there was every kind of craft. We dine at the Royal Palm, for a change, and afterwards listen to the music and watch the gay dancers. Later we linger in the grill room down stairs, until near midnight, watching this busy throng of people giving late dinners and opening fresh bottles, until a longing comes to each of us to get back to the quiet of the "Weona" out there on the starlit water of the Miami River.

THE CALL OF THE SOUTH

The next morning dawned clear and warm, with an idle wind lagging up from the south. Before 9 o'clock the anchor is up and we are away. Good-byes are waved to the busy streets, without regret, and the "Weona" points her nose southeast for old Cape Florida, on

which stands the famous lighthouse. Opposite this cape the course is almost due south and over the lower part of Biscayne Bay, certainly one of the most beautiful sheets of water in all Florida. It begins some twenty-five miles above Miami and extends an equal distance below, until its placid waters are lost in Card Sound. A few evergreen islands dot the surface here and there, being a kind of fisherman's paradise, while sail and steam craft are seen in all directions.

This mid-January morning is ideal for the day dreamer and into this selfish occupation most of our party have wandered. About the upper deck steamer-chair occupants are placed at all angles. One is reading from a well-chosen book, another is watching the far-off shore line, one dozes under the soft spell of the warm sunshine while another dreams with half-opened eyes.

On the way down we pass Soldier Key, with its now fashionable club and fine beach, then Sand Key, then Elliott's Island and late in the afternoon come to the entrance of Cæsar's Creek, one of the most charming waterways in all the world. Into this creek, or pass, as it is, we turn, for it has safe anchorage for cruising parties and here we shall spend the night. Selecting a quiet cove, palm rimmed and vine covered, we drop anchor — again safe in the land of solitude, with an orchestra of bird music furnished from the nearby grove.

Cæsar's Creek is famous for its fine fishing and we arrive in time for an hour's sport. We are quickly out in the small boats trolling for trout, bass, grouper and other fish which abound here. The sport is ideal. Fast as the lines go out there is a strike. We are on the right tide, just at the time when the fish are feeding. We come in with two dozen wonderful beauties, just as the sun is hiding behind the Florida mainland, which we can see in the distance.

BETWEEN TWO SKIES

After dinner, when we come on deck, we are surprised to see that we have half a dozen fellow cruisers as neighbors, who have crept into this friendly cove since night-fall. Lights from the several crafts shine upon the water. From one boat there comes the soft music of a mandolin which makes the scene all the more weird and wonderful. The stars overhead seem twice as large as at home and look to be much nearer the earth. In the still water below there is an inverted sky — almost a duplicate of the one above. In the wooded thicket on shore a mocking-bird is singing his dream song — save for this and the mandolin the silence is absolute. Even old ocean, which lies a mile away to the east, seems asleep, for not a sound of his breakers on shore can be heard. It is a night in which silence, peace and the stillness of death seem to meet. Five miles to the west lies the mainland, and thence fifty miles westward the desolate Everglade country, stretching to Shark River and Cape Sable. South of us runs the long line of keys over which the sea-going railroad finds its trail to Key West, some one hundred miles away. To the north and east is the sea, the Spanish main of buccaneers and pirates, whose phantom ships the dreamer yet can discern along these historic shores.

About these coasts the threads of Romance twine,
Along these shores, sail craft, like Phantoms dim;
And every breeze that wakes the sighing pine
Sings for the lost a solemn requiem.

V

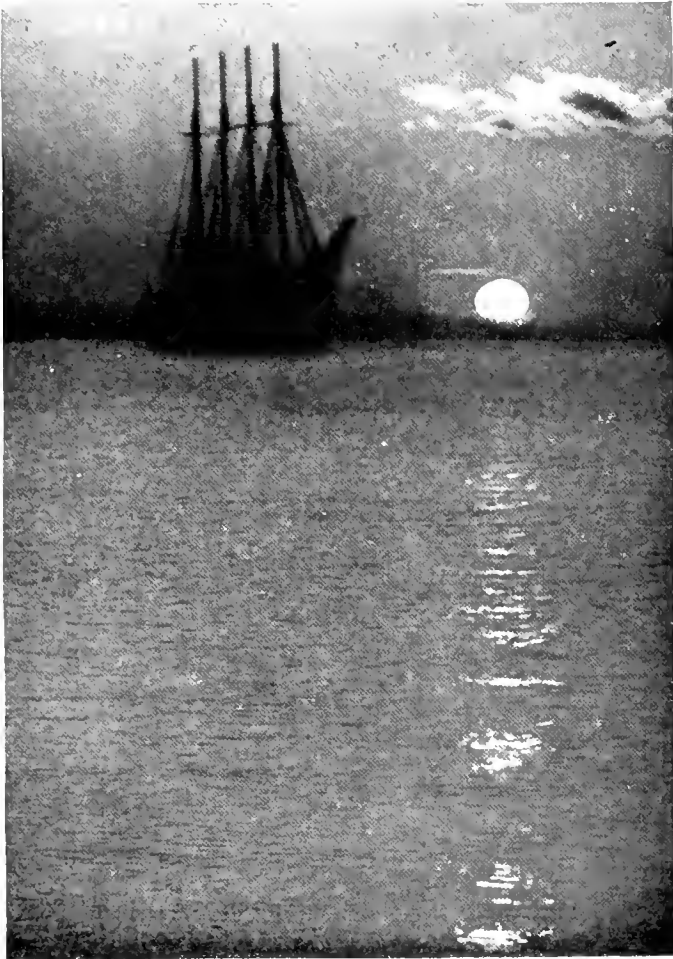
IN LOTUS-LAND

Angelfish Key and Cæsar's Creek — Among Coral Reefs — A Sea of
Evergreen Isles — Through the Sea-Going Road — End of a Dream

LIKE lotus eaters we lingered three days in the vicinity of Cæsar's Creek and around the green coves and inlets of Angelfish Key. There was a charm about the place which held our little party spellbound. Each new day was like yesterday — warm, sunny, clear — and the nights were idyls of starlight and sleep soothing breeze. In a quiet cove nearby was the home of a man who came here ten years ago, the only inhabitant of the island. He had a few acres in oranges and grapefruit and an acre in garden, from which we bought an abundance of fresh vegetables. In this solitary place he has lived all these years — twenty miles from civilization. It is sometimes weeks when no one calls or passes. Communication with the outside world is by boat only.

South of Angelfish begins Key Largo, the largest of the lower keys and over which the seagoing railroad runs for nearly 100 miles. Between the two islands is Angelfish Creek — some fifty feet wide and from thirty to forty feet deep. It is one of the most remarkable waterways in all Florida. The water is so clear and transparent that you can see the bottom distinctly from the boat deck. There can be seen every kind of fish known to this section and we spent hours drifting along this creek, watching the sea life below. Fish of all sizes were coming and going or feeding contentedly on the bottom.

Some years ago a party of Atlanta people secured an option on Angelfish Key, for the purpose of building a



"Out of the mists of mystery come the phantom ships of another age."

fishing club. Quite a membership was secured, but for some reason the enterprise did not succeed. Some day this beautiful island is sure to be utilized for some such purpose.

Just outside of this section and a little to the north, begin a series of reefs, which extend all the way to Key West, over 100 miles to the southwest. Between the keys and these reefs there is usually a waterway from ten to twenty feet deep, but the reefs make it dangerous for shipping, as many of these rise near the surface of the sea. It was upon these reefs where so many ships of the early Spanish explorers were lost, for there were then no charts, as now, to guide the pilot over these treacherous waters.

AMONG CORAL REEFS

This is the country in which the little corals have builded so well. While most of these keys and reefs are on this lower part of the coast, yet they extend from St. Augustine to Key West, a distance of over 500 miles. Southward is the long white beach, stretching like a ribbon, the most beautiful beach in all the world. There is the ocean to the east, its own waters warm to the touch, but even to this is added the warmth of the Gulf Stream, which sweeps these palm-girded shores. On land the live oak is master. He is the semi-god of trees and skirts the sea line far to the south, with a luxuriance of green which never fades or changes. At broken points of the coast, on outreaching promontories, the sea-sad palms are the sentinels. They stand like living statues, upright and silent, or else lean toward the main, as if offering prayer to the god of the deep.

A SEA OF EVERGREEN ISLES

Out of this land of enchantment we sailed on the fourth day — all seemingly reluctant to leave a spot so beautiful and so fitted for rest and ease. And yet experi-

ence had taught each of us that all of this section is wonderfully beautiful and full of interest. Thus, when we turned into Card Sound, we found it dotted with evergreen islands, so that every turn of the channel brought into view some new prospect, some new picture which we felt must not be forgotten. Down in this section the growth becomes more tropical, the royal palm being frequently seen and the cocoanut trees being taller and better fruited than farther up the coast. The cocoanut down here knows no season, the ripe nut, the half grown fruit and the blossom appearing on the same stem.

At noon we pass into Barnes Sound, at the lower end of which the sea-going railroad crosses from the mainland to Key Largo, and thence finds its way from island to island until it reaches the terminus at Key West.

The touch of one hand put a band of steel along this east coast and what was once a barren country is now a beautiful garden. Before the railway was built this entire coast was a wild waste. It is true the placid bays and rivers were just as beautiful, every day was like an ideal June; there was always sunshine, always flowers, always bird songs, but all of this was a lost asset to man, for man was not there to share its nameless glory. Since the coming of the railroad all of this wild coast country has become not only a great playground for the tourist, but a vast hive of busy industry.

THROUGH THE SEA-GOING ROAD

Through the drawbridge the "Weona" passes the railroad extension into Blackwater Sound, a kind of circular bay, some three miles wide. The sun is just going down over the mainland and we seek anchorage near the Long Key shore — in one of the quietest havens, from which we can hear the lumbering sound of the waves on the beach beyond. It is strange what a difference there is between the ocean front and this inside waterway on the Florida coast. From St. Augustine we have fol-



"The sound of an ebbing tide on the sand, like the voice of Grief."

lowed the inside route every mile, a distance of over 400 miles, and the water is always calm, because it is protected by the string of keys which guard this inside channel from the winds of the ocean. Of course, the ocean feels the effect of every storm or wind on the south Atlantic. Frequently huge waves will whip the shore for days when no storm has been even in sight. This is but the effect of some distant disturbance, which often requires days to be felt on shore. This inside waterway down the coast makes cruising the delight that it is. One always feels safe and secure, for the wooded islands that lie between the ocean and this inside route protect the smallest craft, even in the few days of bad weather.

THE END OF A DREAM

This night in Blackwater Bay marks the farthest south we shall cruise on this trip and the party does not relish the idea of turning back on the morrow.

This trip can be continued around Cape Sable and up the west coast, and through the Ten Thousand Islands, but we cannot spare the time this year and must leave that exploration for another season. We all cross to the beach in the parting light of this glorious day and take a look at the wonderful surf piling up on the white sand of the beach. Fishhawks and gulls are darting here and there over the wild waves, covies of birds are hurrying to their island roosting places and long lines of pelicans are seen flying toward the mainland. Even in this out-of-the-way corner of the world there is plenty of life and this scene between sunset and dark is always full of interest. Up the coast we can see the lights of a steamer headed northward and nearer in are the dim outlines of two sailing-crafts south. Amid the stillness of this mid-winter twilight comes the sudden scream of a locomotive and then appears a fast tourist train for Key West, carrying its hundreds of passengers over this narrow strip of island and over the sea-built railroad in

perfect safety. It is a case where the wild in nature and the newest civilization meet.

We walk back to the little yacht in the thickening darkness. Above us is the world of sky, set with stars that seem clearer and nearer than elsewhere, eastward is a wild sea, breaking upon the shore in restless anger; to the west not a ripple stirs the surface of Blackwater Bay and the sky beyond is yet luminous with touches of the sun which has just set upon this long journey to the south, a journey we shall all remember. To-morrow we shall turn the "Weona" northward and go reluctantly back to the noise and confusion of civilization again.

From a distant thicket comes the dream song of a bird, such as we listened to that evening by the still water of Hobe Sound. Just a few notes, then all was silent. It was the "good-night" of this wild, sweet country to our pilgrimage, and we close the day with the thoughts of purity, innocence and serenity, resting like a benediction upon our souls.

DREAMS IN THE OPEN

This is God's church; as wide and broad and free
As those great lessons that are taught herein;
No pent up wall of mortar, mixed with sin,
Denotes one spot where man shall bow the knee;
But outward, onward, vast as is the sky
And outward, onward, vaster than the sea
This church extends, that man may ever be
On sacred soil, his God to glorify!

DAWN AT THE POINT OF THE CAPE

Dawn at the point of the cape, where the land runs evenly down
To the narrowest slip and is lost in the arms of the main ;
A white beach, dimmed by the mantle of night, with never a spot
or a stain,
Stretches away, like a ribbon of light, to the distant edge of the
town.

High noon at the point of the cape, with the loitering clouds all
mixed and tangled
With the intricate tints of the sky's own blue ;
East and West the stretch of the vision bespangled
With colors and shades of a nameless hue.

Night off the point of the cape — full moon, a cloud and the sea ;
Just these and that unsolved mystery
Of darkness and silence, that storms through the soul in its plight
When alone with itself and the night.

A TWILIGHT HYMN

I

A Summer twilight, glory-wrought and still,
Dim shadows on the hill;
The meadow brush, full bloom with scented things
A-whir with weary wings!

Beneath a sky, low-bent with silent stars,
One stands beside the bars
And lifts a song, full-flowing to the brim
In penitential hymn.

II

The distant hills caught up the sweet old song,
In echoes swift along,
'Till notes, like those from some celestial lyre,
Came down and set on fire
The singer's soul. And when the last note died
Across the meadow's side
Night folded all, in sleep, beneath her wing,
Dreaming of those who sing.

I

SPRINGTIME AT MILDORELLA

Mildorella is a cottage, very few know where;
Modesty is shy and timid, never mind how fair.
Mildorella has its garden, shut in by a wall,
In it every summer blossom hears the summer call.

OH the glory of it! — the freshness, color, beauty
and the nameless charm of this April morning, out here
at Mildorella, where nature is just as young and joyous
as on the first day of the world's creation.

Oh the glory of light and shade and mist, the mixing of dull vermillion hues with the burnished clarity of a spring dawn, when every tree, bush and flower tingles and trembles with the gladness of new life.

And more glorious to the ear than the other is to the eye, is the symphony of sounds, the voice of every native bird, blending in one orchestral outbreak, as an offering to the dawn of this new day.

This, to me, is God's pictured manifestation of what man's resurrection shall be — an arising out of the night of death's sleep into the dawn of immortality — the awaking from gloom into light, from vespereal shadows into the opulence of an amber-colored day: — and amid a chorus of music, the sweetness of which shall rob our souls of the last memory of sin and of an old world, stained with corruption and vice.

Every spring coming preaches its gospel of goodness, innocence and beauty in a language stronger than any words can convey. The freshness of April is like the freshness of the world in its youth. We go back with the advent of every springtime to the world's first April and find the old earth and its lavish gifts just as they were in the beginning. The spirea hangs its wreaths of white with the same prodigality, the rose garden offers its lavish colors in the same abundance, while the violets that peep out at us along the walks are just as blue and the smell of the hyacinth just as sweet.

Strange, is it not, that the old world has lost nothing, through all her centuries, of lavish giving? Her store is just as complete today as upon creation's first morning; her gifts as plentiful, her charity as complete and without stint. There is nothing in human experience by which to measure the wealth through which nature blesses her people.

In her springtime gifts to the world nature shows how generous her soul can be. Where she might offer an hundred snowdrops on the hillside she bestows a thou-

sand or more — an entire field is white with daisies, and more than a mile of meadow is yellow with buttercups.

I awoke as the factory whistles and bells in Atlanta were calling the victims of the loom to their joyless tasks,

“When, dim through the morning dust, in a voiceless line
The women and children go down to battle for bread.”

There was just the least touch of gray upon the eastern sky. Even in our latitude the April dawn comes early and out there over the pines was the pale crescent rim of a moon all bespent. Close by were clusters of pallid stars, now weary of their vigil and fading into forgetfulness at the coming of their great ruler — the sun.

There is a charm about an April dawn — a freshness and sweetness of which words cannot tell and whose glory so few people know. As the first spar of light struck the wooded grove on this spring morning the silver voice of the thrush was lifted in clear notes and quickly answered by an awakened mate near-by. The mocking bird sought his usual perch upon the highest oak, beside the garden; and facing east, to greet the sunrise, sent forth that volume of joy-compelling melody which is one of the glorious blessings of the regions in which he sings.

Later, as I walked about the garden, all glittering with the fresh morning dew, the air was heavy with perfume from every kind of blossom, while the glory of daffodils, snowdrops and tulips was waning — there yet remained a few of these early favorites, whose mission had made a rather cold March at Mildorella a joy and a blessing for —

Even yet while snow is on the hills,
And winter's icy touch the valley fills
God sends a pledge of what the spring shall be
In golden glory of the daffodils.

And to-day this pledge was fully verified. In the lower garden a lone peachtree was a picture of pinkish blossoms — a huge bouquet standing out against the pines further on. Here was syringa and spirea and deutzia, beckoning from every walkway, over there a crab apple tree had suddenly come out in full bloom over night, the weigelas were great plumes of beauty, while a few early roses nodded in the lazy breezes along the hedge. Bird music everywhere, flowers of all hues and the breath of nature rich in perfume make such a morning a blessed start for a day of toil.

Here in the massed shrubbery on the grounds there is amazing building activity among the birds. The place is like a peopled city. The thrush, which is naturally so shy and timid and which usually builds in some secluded thicket, is now nesting in a quince tree, near the house. The cat bird is even bolder and has a half finished nest in the hedge near the front porch. The mocking bird has chosen the rose arch over the front entrance and already has his nest complete and now spends most of the day singing on a telephone pole near by. In other parts of the grounds all kinds of nests are being finished. All sorts of straw, hair, paper, rags and moss are being brought in, and the murmur of bird voices is noted in every nook and corner.

It just dawned on me today that these winged singers are now rewarding me for my kindness to them and for protection. When I built Mildorella nine years ago there was hardly a bird about this four acre plot of land. Now there are hundreds. These birds came, year after year, because I protected them, fed them in winter and early spring and each felt safe in building its nest in any part of the grounds. Only those who have cultivated the art of being kind to birds and who know what they can give you in return for this kindness, will understand what their companionship means. It gives one a closer comradeship with nature — a tenser love for those crea-

tures whose language we do not understand and opens up a new interest in life which we did not have before.

The day in the city had been trying. One little business worry after another had followed each other. Days like this come occasionally to the office; so when I returned to Mildorella in the evening — just as darkness was settling over my little dream-world of home, — it was with a feeling of relief and relaxation. Out here in the country all was peace and the soft influence of the twilight seemed to take from the soul all its cares and give back that blessed tranquillity with which the day had started. Belated birds were calling to their mates in the woods near-by, across the golf course was the faint glow of a splendid sunset, a warm breeze came out of the west, rich in the perfume of azalea and wild plum trees.

After dinner we sat on the lawn, near the pink-blossomed crab apple tree. The spring glory was at its best and so tense was the air with beauty, warmth and smell of fresh blossoms that few words were spoken. Each wished to be silent and to feel the stilled beauty of the April night. Above us every star shone out, through the clear atmosphere, with wonderful brilliance. A dream world of peace was all about us, in the silence of which every discordant note of the day was hushed.

It was then I began to think of my "wasted years" as I sometime call them now — the years before I left the city and came out into the country to live. During all that time I had lost sight of nature and the glory which she can bring to her devotees. I rarely ever saw a spring dawn, during those long years in the city, or a twilight, or the stars, nor felt the softening influence which the country alone can give. Life was all one rush, one hurry — noise, confusion, with little time, or opportunity left in which the soul could find a peace, like that which came to us to-night, as we sat there in quiet and looked up, once more, at the patient stars.

He who has not inclination, or time, to look up at the

stars, has missed the glory of living. Whose heart is shut to the music of bird-song is far from enjoying the life of fullness which belongs to him. He who never watches the awaking of a spring dawn in the country — the glory of a sun-lit mid-day, or the tranquillity of twilight has yet a prize to live for. These gifts belong to all of us, but the soul must be in tune to receive them. When Lanier went into the marshes and learned to play the song of the swamp robin upon his flute, he did this out of a soul over-full of a love for music. Our souls must be in accord with nature and her great wealth — we must love the things she offers us — or the attempt will all be in vain.

O God what resurrection this!
To see once more upon the hill
The April sunshine like a kiss
Upon my lips — that throb and thrill —
To hear the thrush's song again
And see the tulip's crimson stain!

Long after each had sought repose, when everything about the house was quiet, wrapped in that stillness which falls over a home in the country, I read a story of entrancing interest, occasionally looking out upon the rose-garden, shining with dewdrops in the starlight. It seemed sacrilegious to sleep on such a night! Not a breath of air was astir. Every flowering branch hung loose and free in the spring-night's stillness. All the garden was a picture of content, of peace, silence and solitude. At last, when I fell asleep, through sheer weariness, with the love story unfinished, it was to go away into that other land of mystic enchantment — the land of dreams. It was all very beautiful, so serene, so phantom-like, and yet so real. It was living the life where dreams come true and where the real and the intangible meet. That is springtime at Mildorella.

II

CLOSE TO NATURE'S HEART

Create me anew, O Master of men,
Give me the brain which so many waste;
Dower my hand with a Tennyson pen,
Mold me anew in a Hugo caste:
Send me the dreams which a Homer knew
And I will write the story anew.

IT was a mid-winter day on the glorious Halifax River in Florida, but the day was as soft and balmy and full of dreams as any day in June could be.

We had been cruising for three weeks along the Florida coast, away from civilization — away from the market place of trade and the pretense of fashion and show. During three weeks we had lived close to nature, out in the open; we had become companions to the stars, the sky — to the sea and the winds — to the birds and the silent trees. Somehow, our souls had grown into something finer, there were keener aspirations and each one of us felt the vast uplifting influence of this life among the great and beautiful things in nature, which can be found only in out-of-the-way places like this.

On this particular afternoon our yacht passed Mosquito Inlet, in sight of the Atlantic surf, beating along the sand dunes. The vastness of the ocean, the seeming endless stretch of white shore line, the birds that filled the space above with wild freedom flights, all impressed me with both the greatness and the insignificance of man and with,

“The mystery of gulls that fly
Like a soul, forever asking why.”

Suddenly there came a lifting of the soul, as it were, into a loftier plane of existence, a longing after the worth-while things in life, a broader conception of nature and her glorious children.

There was the sea, vast, grim, almost silent, stretching away like some conquered thing. Its vastness impressed one like the presence of a God; yet its very restlessness was akin to some human thing — which, like the human soul, is forever asking, "Why." In the broad expanse of horizon, above and around, wild birds flew, like liberty things — impressing the heart with its own limitations and its narrow bounds. Along shore there was wealth of tree and vine and flower, all exulting in the warm sun-giving vigor which only this tropical climate can impart.

Turning from these my soul looked within at its narrow house of creed, and habits. How circumscribed these are! How bigoted, confined and narrow! Habits that follow a beaten track when there are such glorious new roads to travel — typified by the vastness of sea and land and sky — creed, when a God may be found on every hilltop and in every valley. Habits that love the market-place, where the street stones are hard and daisies never grow — creed that kneels in a darkened church of foul air, when all the vastness of God's outside world is calling to the worshiper.

Out of these reflections, on that January afternoon, amid all that is vast and wild and free in God's blessed open, came the lifting of the soul into that higher world, into which it is everyone's privilege to come. And out of these reflections came the prayer: —

"Create me anew, O Master of men,
Give me the brain that so many waste;
Dower my hand with a Tennyson pen,
Mold me anew in a Hugo cast;
Send me the dreams which a Homer knew
And I will write the story anew."

Yet one needs not a new creation to enter this world of broader, higher living. The roadway to this higher ideal is hedged with flower walks and when one has reached that lofty plane and known the glory of the new life, there will be no longing for the old ways and the old days. The lotus cup will be pressed to your lips once for all. And when once you have entered into its secret paths, listened to its music and prayed its prayers, you will forever wonder how you lived so long among your old creeds and habits of the market place.

III

GOLF AND THE GOLFER'S REWARD

WHEN I built a bungalow in the country nine years ago, I took a new lease on existence and the joy of living.

It was the most important decision in my life, perhaps, and I shall always bless the day when I went back to the serene content of the country and renewed my fellowship with nature; with birds, flowers and sunshine, with rosy-fingered dawns, entrancing twilights and the comradeship of stars.

As a boy in the Palmetto State, "away down on the old South Farm," I had imbibed my first love of nature; and our first love is the only kind of which we are absolutely sure. There I was accustomed to see every sun rise and every sunset, to find the first rare spring blossom, to keep date when the thrush sounded his first silver note in the April woods, to hunt the earliest ripe plum, peach and cherry in the orchard and to fall asleep at night watching the calm faced stars from my bedroom window.

But after that, after that boyhood of innocence and nature-love, came the hilarious years of college life, then the serious settling down to business, the taking up a dwelling place in the busy, noisy city — and nothing was left of childhood's dream but a memory, sweetened with the perfume of blooming things, with innocence and all that is pure.

It is strange how quickly habit can change and fix our natures, mold us into new beings, revolutionize our tastes and lead our feet along roads entirely new. When I settled down to active business, over twenty



"God's fresh, green world, starred with a thousand daisies."

years ago, somehow I laid aside the nature of my boyhood days. New things claimed attention and the old loves were cast aside for new toys, more appealing. My business took me upon long trips to the leading cities of the country from Boston to New Orleans and from Chicago to Jacksonville. About one third of my time was spent in hotels and on sleeping cars, amid the noise and confusion of modern travel. The time at home was occupied with office activities which left little time for repose or for dreaming. Little thought was ever given to nature, to her serene haunts, and still less thought to that wholesome, out-door exercise, which is so necessary to the preservation of one's health.

As a result I was threatened with a break-down and was compelled to pause and take stock of my condition, to plan some sort of reform that would prevent a total collapse.

It was then I turned to the country. I was weary of the clamor of stony streets, of disturbing noises beneath my windows at all hours of the night, weary of show, of pretense and pride, and hungry for the quiet of peaceful country roadways. The longing came over me with overwhelming force and I shall always bless the day when I bought these few acres of grass and trees, where,

From all the vast, wide sphere of earth
I choose this narrow strip of land
Where one more home shall have its birth
And Love's wide door-way stand —
To lure the footfalls of the dawn,
To soothe the mystery of night,
To quicken steps all homeward drawn
By Love's unfailing light.

The simple bungalow was ready in April and we left the big city house, standing on a noisy corner, and came into this new world of serenity, just when Springtime offered her heartiest welcome. It was like leaving one's

prison walls and coming out into God's own sweet world of freedom. It was like leaving the old life behind us and taking up a new existence, in which every day was full to the brim, with the joy of living.

I remember sitting on the lawn in the April night when our apple trees were blooming at their best and all the air was heavy with perfume. Everywhere there was silence, everywhere there was peace — the full moon paled the light of the stars and a soft breeze bent lightly the blossom-laden shrubbery. There was a stilled tension in the atmosphere and no one spoke, but I thought what a fortunate thing I had done to come back again to Mother Nature and be soothed into serenity once more by her subtle influence. The years that lay in the past seemed like a waste and a new life lay before us, which beckoned with rare enchantment.

It was then that I took up golf, that wholesome, outdoor game, which quickly restored my broken health and made me as well as when I left the plantation in Carolina. There were games in the early morning, when the East Lake course was one broad carpet of green, games at mid-day when the spring sunlight fell like a benediction and games in the late afternoon, when the twilight sky in the west was like some huge canvas, some picture beyond the skill of any human painter. There was healthy trudging over the green sward, into the traps and over bunkers, down by the meadow, where acres of buttercups were blooming and up along the wooded slope where all the trees stood full-leaved and radiant, like an army of celestials.

Everywhere was bird music, everywhere sunshine, everywhere the nameless glory of spring. This new life out in the open took me back to the days of boyhood. I heard the lyric bird-music which comes with every April, looked once more upon flowers which were almost strangers and felt the returning glow of health, of which the unnatural years of living had robbed me long ago.

In this new outdoor life I found the remedy for all the ills brought on by ignoring nature for nearly two decades. Here was the soft, fresh air, the warm sunshine, the blue skies, the wholesome exertion, which sent the blood tingling through the veins and brought back the glow of health to the cheek. Once more I was well, once more hope came back into my soul, once more life took on new opportunities and vast possibilities — once again life had the freshness of youth and was worth the living.

In the new realm of wholesomeness I found the great church in which I loved to worship — God's blessed outdoors — a church whose only creed is love, serenity and peace. Here were no gossips, no critics, no nagging fault finders, no fanatical reformers, but liberty and love — the greatest heritage which comes to man. Every tree-top waved a welcome, every blossom smiled as we passed, while the choirs invisible in every thicket made a symphony of bird-music at every turn of the course. The heart throbbed in sympathy with these outward manifestations of nature's luxurious gifts, the blood tingled with the thrill of buoyant health, and the soul could not resist the impulse to whistle, or to hum some sweet old hymn of the long ago. I found myself at peace with all the world, in love with all man-kind and instinctively lifting my heart in a word of prayer to heaven, just as I used to do on the old South Farm before the gilded city robbed me of the spirit of devotion.

Each day which brought such keen-edged joy was followed by a night of peace. Ah! how jealously I saw each glad day fade into twilight and be numbered with the days that are dead. No one was long enough to do all that had been planned, for new health had brought new hope and filled the soul with new ambition. Each day was so full of gladness, of cheer, of wanting to accomplish, that its passing came with a sense of loss.

But the nights which followed these glorious days

came on with their full measure of reward. There was peace about the silent rooms and hallways, peace under the apple trees without, peace in the face of every star that looked down from the sky, and peace in the soul. There was no longer a dread of sleepless nights, of haunting dreams and the awaking at dawn with a depression that started the day with gloom. Sleep was as sound as the sleep of a child, and dreams, if any, had to do with some whistled song of the day before, when the heart had its overflow of joy, like a bird that sings in the night.

Then came the waking — early — out there in the cool, green country; and with it all the hope and ambition which stirs the soul of youth. No depression now, as in the old days of city life, no longing for an intoxicant to help start the day, no dread of taking up some difficult task, but anxiety and longing to begin a new day of new possibilities. Often have I contrasted these rare days with the old life, half-sick, weary of the world, when time dragged heavily and hope was low.

Each person creates his own heaven, both here and hereafter. We all admit that our idea of heaven is happiness.

Heaven, for each, is within, more than without. Our mental or spiritual attitude makes us happy or otherwise — and after all that is, for us, heaven, or the other place. It is within us.

But the mental and spiritual attitude cannot be normal unless there is exuberant health, brought about by liberal outdoor exercise. Therefore, to make our own heaven, from day to day, we must be well, we must be normal, so the mind can have its powerful control and create within and about us that happiness which each desires.

If we allow a lack of exercise to impair our health and dim our vision, then we shall not be able to see the glory of heaven, which is always within our reach.



"A roadway leading to some phantom land of dreams."

I sometimes think that golf is doing more to reform men, to make them better, to put true devotion in their souls than any one creed is doing. This wholesome exercise is restoring lost health to thousands, taking away the desire for stimulants, adjusting people to the right way of living — discarding the artificial life and giving in its place the natural. Golf makes men better, happier, healthier, makes them strong, ambitious and brave, and puts hope in the soul where dread had been.

To hear again out there on the links the half forgotten song of the blue bird and to breathe the delicate perfume of white clover, takes one back to the golden age of youth. To feel the days slipping by all too rapidly, to renew acquaintance with flowers unseen for twenty years, to feel the soft grass give under your quickened tread — to revel again in sunshine and the very joy of being outdoors — that is golf and the golfer's reward.

IV

A CHRISTMAS EVE AND A CHRISTMAS DAWN

I WAS spending the month of December, 1911, at Ft. Myers, Florida, and while the smaller fishing had been good I was disappointed in not having caught some of the larger fish which belong to the west coast.

My guide for that month was Capt. Wentle, an Englishman, and one of the best informed boatmen along that coast. He had done all he could to make the larger sport a success, to the extent, even, of taking me to Little Marco, seventy-five miles southward. But of that trip there is another story to tell.

On the afternoon before Christmas day Capt. Wentle came to my room in the hotel about 4 o'clock and stated that a boatman, just in from Boca Grande, reported the fishing in that section to be very good, several tarpon having been caught the day before. I did not put much faith in the story, but somehow there was a call for the trip, some insensible longing to make the voyage on that long expanse of inside water, going to the west.

"How soon must we start in order to be there for early fishing to-morrow?" I asked Capt. Wentle.

"Not later than 9 o'clock to-night," he replied.

"Then stock the 'Ella J' at once for the trip and I will be ready at nine."

It was a Christmas Eve and many pleasant things had been planned in town for the morrow, but the call of the water was all too strong and I at once began preparations for the trip.

At nine o'clock I went aboard the "Ella J" where ev-

everything was in readiness. Bidding a host of friends good-by and regretting that the chance for good fishing kept me from being with them on Christmas day, we started down the Caloosahatchee River on one of the most beautiful nights I ever saw.

After leaving I sat on the forward deck for two hours, watching the land on either side, some two miles away, the water and the skyline in the distance. There were fishing boats at anchor in the far away coves. Aged palmettos and palms leaned waterward from the distant shores, back of which tall cocoanut trees loomed gaunt against the sky. It was a marine picture, with all the voluptuous setting the tropics could possibly give to it.

The breeze was soft and from the south. It was rich with the perfume of orange blossoms and had that strange influence which comes to one when the first south winds of springtime begin to blow after a bleak winter in the north.

The placid stream widened after an hour's run and only a few lights could be seen. That one on Sanabel Island stood out clear above all the others — a faithful beacon for the thousands who pass these shores annually in quest of trade and pleasure.

A little before midnight I went below, telling the pilot to call me on arrival at Boca Grande, no matter what the hour. A clean berth was ready and I was soon asleep and only those who love the water know what a luxury such sleep is. Being rocked in the cradle of the deep has lost none of its charms in this later age.

I was awakened by Capt. Wentle at the first gray touch of dawn as we lay at anchor in Boca Grande Bay. When I arose and looked out upon the glory of that Christmas dawn a wonderful picture of nature lay all about me — notable for its vastness and prodigality. In the east was a bright star, leading as it were, the oncoming light of morning. Back of this, against the gray

horizon, the red sprays of dawn were pictured above the waters of the Gulf of Mexico. To the north of us lay the land—dark green along the shore—and farther inland were tall pines marking the rim of the horizon. Southward from the boat lay the pass—that famous entry which all fishermen in this section know so well. Through it came the warm waters of the Gulf in a low, rumbling whisper, while beyond along the beaches, east and west, I could hear the breaking of low waves in a kind of sad, menacing voice. Through this famous Boca Grande Pass the fish from the Gulf come into the inner waters of the sounds and bays—making this locality one of the notable fishing grounds of Florida.

Language fails me in any attempt to describe the glory of that Christmas morning. As the light of day increased the melody of scores of mocking birds added to its charm—the entire shore-line of green being one long stretch of melody.

Toast and steaming coffee were served quickly in the fresh little saloon and then the start for sport. Long before the sun rays had touched Captive Island, to the east, we were trolling all the bay for the big fellows we knew were there in waiting. It was just sun-rise. I saw a patch of white spray break back of my hook, which was over 100 feet out. I knew something was going to happen. I whispered to Capt. Wentle and the speed of the launch was slackened, but before this was noticed the big fellow had struck and was safe at the other end of the line.

Then commenced the fight for a landing. His first attack, as usual, was furious—going out close to the pass, but by some clever manipulation I changed his course and kept him in the bay. After a straight run for some distance he changed his course, circled to the north-shore and then slackened, coming our way, under the boat and out toward the pass again. Taking a long turn the fish had about all the line I could spare and as

the line tightened he made a grand leap in the morning air — a magnificent picture of activity and bright colors.

After this the fight was less fierce, but it was impossible to land him until he was further weakened by the fight. This came gradually and after twenty-six minutes from the time he struck we had him in the boat, a wonderful specimen for size, symmetry and coloring.

And yet the actual fishing experience on that December morning, 1911, was perhaps the least part of our happiness on the entire trip. The glory of that night, with its clusters of big stars, the clean-swept skies at dawn, with the songs of birds on one side and the half human murmur of the Gulf on the other, the soft breezes that crept along, sweet with the smell of new-blown flowers, all of these had their part in a memory that will remain so long as life remains.

As we went back to the "Ella J" for our regular breakfast a lazy boatman went out through Boca Grande Pass half singing, half humming a song, the words of which I caught as follows: —

"This world is a dream to me,
Plenty of fish in the sea,
And I know where to find them every day —
The world is a dream to me."

And as he passed into the Gulf and was lost around the curve of the shore I made note of this type of happy, care-free race, scattered along the entire Florida coast. A hut in the thicket, back from the shore, serves as a home. A small garden yields him vegetables. From a few fruit trees he draws heavily for support. But most of all the Gulf and bays afford him never-failing sustenance. He lives this aimless life and dies beyond the worry of a single ambition.

Perhaps nature has impressed upon his soul this lack of energy, for nature herself is a lotus eating mistress all along these verdant shores.

V

ZOLA GORDON — AN IDYL OF LONG KEY

WE had been cruising south of Miami for two weeks reveling in weather as perfect as weather could be made. Every new day was like yesterday — clear, bright, soothing — and each breeze that passed seemed to kiss the cheek for the very joy of existence. On one side of us lay the lower stretches of Biscayne Bay — to the east was the sea — now calm and seemingly asleep — while north and south were the evergreen islands, which make so picturesque this lower Florida country.

We were like lotus eaters and had lingered in the vicinity of Cæsar's Creek and Angelfish Key almost a full week. We had studied the exotic tropical growth of the islands, the wild tangle of flowers and out in the open creeks and inlets we spent hours in the small boats, watching the sea-life in the waters below — every movement of which could be seen for a depth of thirty feet.

At night we had anchored out in the open sea, where the salt breezes could, unobstructed, soothe us into dreamless slumber. Such nights as these it is given to few mortals to enjoy. There was a sky of stars above and a sky of stars below — the clear, still water mirroring the silent stretch of blue above. And out of the thicket of palms and wild orange trees would come the rich perfume of blossoms peculiar to the tropics — the smell of lime, orange, jasmine and cocoanut flowers, all of which have double strength under the weird influence of the night air. From the same mysterious thickets would come snatches of bird notes, at broken intervals, songs, which the scientists tell us, are sung dur-

ing the slumber of the birds, dreaming of the happy day just gone.

Then, in the mornings, we would be awakened, not by the clash of street noises, for there were no streets within twenty miles of us, but by the finger of golden sunbeams, laid upon our eyes, with the gentleness of a woman's touch. Outside the gulls were clamoring for a breakfast from the boat, and when one walked on deck a picture as wild, as clear, and as fresh greeted from every direction as ever stretched out before the human vision. In one direction was the world of sea, with its golden sunshine and phantom ship, in the other was the silent bay out of which bright colored fish were leaping in all directions. Before us lay another day of cruising among the Keys further south, filling the soul with the interest of exploration and adventure. No wonder we were all in love with this Romance country and, with a philosopher of old, "counted only such days as are serene."

I wonder sometimes why the isles of the Ægean Sea, those of Scotland and of the South Seas should have such a big part in the literature of the world, while in some respects these Florida Keys are just as rich in historic and human interest and from the point of romantic beauty unsurpassed anywhere in the world. Here lies the material for the romantic historian and novelist and poet of the future. Not only is all this country indescribably beautiful and interesting from a native point of view, but every isle and every cove has its legend of historic value — which some day will be woven into America's finest and best literature.

I have no false intent to redeem Long Key from its centuries of oblivion. Hundreds of years before Columbus came, it was the same clean, tropical strip of land, lying like a poem, an idyl, a song, off the Florida coast, forming a kind of breakwater for the parent shores, and fixing a kind of safe water route for the draft of brave, adventurous sailors who came this way.

It lies south of our resting place, described above, and is the most beautiful strip of land in the world — lying full length like an Amazon — in the tropic sun, with its white beaches on the east and its safe, quiet coves and harbors on the west. When the troubled sailor comes into this haven of safety he always kneels and thanks the gods that be for the protection of this strong, tree-covered island of the tropics. Along its western shores are seen rude crosses which have been set up by frightened toilers of the sea, who have found a haven of safety here, and who have left these mute symbols of their gratitude.

But in my enthusiasm for the beauty of this country, which throws its enchanting glory over the heart of every poetic soul, I am forgetting the story of Zola, which I started out to tell you.

When we left Angel Fish Key we went slowly southward, first through Card Sound and then into Blackwater Bay. Life was so much of a dream that days did not count. We drifted like irresolute souls, caring not where the next night's lodging should be, nor where another day, like its sister, yesterday, should take us.

One afternoon — it was a Tuesday — we anchored in Blackwater Bay to make some repairs to the yacht and, for diversion, I went ashore. It has always been a fad of mine to explore new islands, when cruising, no matter how small they may be, and write down in my journal what I found on each. I have done this for years, all around Florida, but somehow I had missed this one particular spot, and when I went ashore, was surprised to meet an old man, who welcomed me with much cordiality.

He had built a comfortable shack, midway between the sea and the bay, with two small sleeping rooms and a screened porch. He invited me up to his simple home and introduced me to his only companion, Zola Gordon, a girl of about nineteen. As the repairs to my boat would require several days he asked me to be his guest,

but noting the rude accommodations of his simple home, I told him I should be glad to come every day but thought it best to make the yacht my home during the delay.

One of my crew had told me that Gabriel Gordon lived somewhere on Long Key, that he had committed some crime many years ago in one of the Carolinas and came there, with his only child, to escape prosecution. The old man, therefore, became an interesting character to me and I found myself going over to his place every morning and spent most of the day there — talking to these two people who lived so away from all the world.

The old man, while talkative, was non-committal and said little about his past life. The girl had evidently been schooled to the same secrecy. She was now a woman, in this wild, vile place, with no associates, except her father — and the pitiful fate of Zola Gordon appealed to me in a very strong manner. Little by little I drew from her some incidents of her life on the island, but beyond the time of her coming, when she was twelve, the girl would say nothing whatever.

Soon I found, however, from both father and daughter, that over a year back they had one guest, a young man — consumptive — and it was for his use the little screened porch had been added to the hut. He remained a year — making only one trip while there, and that to Key West to meet some northern friends on their way to Cuba. But soon after returning from this trip this young New Yorker met a tragic end. While fishing one afternoon, on the far side of Blackwater Bay, a sudden storm upset his boat and the bright young man was lost before aid could reach him.

But I soon learned from Zola Gordon that her guest, for the one short year, had left a life impression upon her heart, and changed her from a happy, careless girl, into a woman of serious intent. The young man, in his loneliness and desperation had fallen in love with this

wild young girl of the Keys. This passion he had smothered for months and did not have the courage to tell her until he wrote her a long letter from Key West, on his memorable trip there. In that letter he poured out a soul full of love, long pent up, and made of Zola Gordon a different person from the day his letter was given her by the Soldier's Key mail carrier, as the mail boat slowed up at the Long Key landing.

I coaxed a long time to get the secret from this shy girl of the wilds. She was slow to tell me about the affair which had changed her entire life. She had told me that Edmund Russell, while a tenant of their simple home, was a writer and a painter, a young man with plenty of means, but who had chosen to live in that lonely country, in the hope of regaining the health, which was well nigh wrecked when he arrived. At his sudden death, all of his effects had been sent to his people in New York and she had nothing left of his work on the island except a few sketches about the personality of flowers, which he had written out in a clear hand and given her the original copies. Some of these sketches I herewith copy from the original manuscript, for they are interesting and, belonging to the great class of posthumous literature, will appeal to my reader. The following sketches were the only ones she could find.

THE ROSE

“The Rose, stateliest of all flowers, typifies royalty, caste, blood, fame, court life, princesses, and royal beauty. As these are of so many different types, so the rose runs a long gamut of regal variety. Here are the famous crimsons, emblems of passionate women, who have ruled the world through the whim of womanly beauty and womanly instinct. These are they who have influenced and swayed the souls of kings—the women

whose smile has meant rescue or ruin of an empire and all of its people — women, whose imperious influence has made the pages of history different from what they might otherwise have been. Then there are the lesser blossoms, the sisters in this flower world of royalty, the shy, sweet blooms, types of those who have ruled the world through womanly devotion to some just cause. We see them blooming along our hedgeways and pluck them, unconscious of their royal importance. Herein dwell the spirits of the gentle types of womanhood, who moved in the halls of rulers, but whose influence was always exerted for good, just as this pure white blossom, or this cream Killarney stands for a principle of uprightness and justice. It is a wonderful study — this placing in the heart of every rose the soul of a woman, well known in history — whose acts, either for good or evil — has influenced the world through all the ages.

THE ARBUTUS

“This trailing Arbutus, blooming amid the cold and frost and snows of the early part of the year, typifies the ashes of novitiates and nuns. These are they whose lives have been wrecked by a wrong crossing of love, who would make all beings happy. But somehow his mission has been lost and these unfortunate women, beautiful specimens of Eve, their mother, have left the world to do penance, in solitude, to do penance for some supposed wrong. Typical of these, the Arbutus blooms amid the forest and snows of the late winter, so that suffering may be all the keener, and the mis-led heart, cleansed of some of its supposed sins. We find it blooming in the woodlands even before the snows have melted. The heavy perfume is symbolic of motherhood's sweetness and yet all of this is wasted in the barren wilds of the forest. All of which should teach us that character cannot be changed, until God himself recreates the soul. People

will remain the same. Into no soul can morality be instilled by forceful means or by legislative enactment. The trailing *Arbutus* stands for a claim that is wrong, though the idea is a beautiful one.

THE DAISY

“ Here is the field Daisy, the ashes of Myrrha — the mother-wife; the woman who makes the home. This one flower is the emblem of the greatest power in all the world, silent, it is true, but a power unapproached and unequaled. The mother-wife makes the home and the homes of a nation are its strength, or its weakness. She is the mother who nurses the world’s kings, its rulers, its reformers and educators — its criminals and degenerates, its men who build up and its men who pull down.

“ In the glory of a summer day no flowers exist as rapturously as the field daisy. It will flourish on any hill-side or in any meadow. Its requirements are few. Give it sunshine, soil, a little rain and each blossom is perfect. It is non-complaining, as the mother, whose life it interprets; it has no glory of color or stateliness — just a plain field daisy, with all the attributes of the woman, who, in rocking the cradle, rocks the world. And yet so few people ever give this simple flower the credit to which it owes so much to itself and the world. Its petals of white are symbolic of the mother-wife purity, and its heart of gold typifies her unselfish devotion to all that is best in the world.

THE TUBE-ROSE

“ The tube-rose has come to us from all ages as the incarnation of dead souls, why, I do not know, and yet its subtle perfume suggests the close air, in the room where some one lies in the last, long sleep. A dead soul is not in keeping with our philosophic belief in the hereafter, yet we must write the history of these

blossoms as tradition gives it to us, even should its treatment not be in keeping with our personal belief.

"The dead soul is one, whose existence has ended. For it there is no hereafter, no future career, no immortality. Sad must be the heretic who clings to this theory, that when our bodies die, the light of our souls is extinguished as well. And yet the tube-rose portrays this one thought — this one idea — of an ending from which there can be no resurrection.

"It teaches a theory that clashes sharply with our modern ideas of a future and leaves the human heart scant comfort; and a religion that is hardly worth while. But this timid flower, hard of cultivation and shy in all its habits, clings to the theory that its thick, heavy perfumed petals hold the resting place of souls undone, souls that are dead, souls that once hoped for immortality and yet were consigned to this inconspicuous flower as the future place of abode.

THE JASMINE

"The Jasmine typifies the saddest of all flowers, for it comes from the poisoned dust of women who have sinned — those who have walked the scarlet road — women of the crimson world, those whom the world, in its innocence, has damned and often misjudged. These are they over whose curly locks the red light falls, the hair which a doting mother once kissed with all the idolatry of an Eastern worshiper — the women whose little knees once knelt at a mother's side to repeat an evening prayer — now alone, in the cold, pitiless world — without hope and without stay — save what the poor excuse of temporary excitement can give. Dear Jasmine flower, poisoned dust of women who have sinned, bloom for those whom the world calls lost, but whom God shall rescue with the many Magdalenes who anoint his feet, in womanly humility, with the most precious thing their scanty coins can buy. Ye blossoms of rich

perfume, ye bloom in the secluded part of the swamp and forest, but ye are always a symbol of that unfortunate, whom the world cannot help but love, and the fragrance of your blossoms shall reach, even unto the heavenly gate, and bless the fallen whose ill fortune ye typify — ”

Here the description was broken off suddenly — as if more had followed, but was either lost or destroyed.

We had read these little sketches late in the afternoon, under the tall cocoanut trees, which guard the coast on the Bay side of Long Key and near the Gordon home. The girl was excited as I read the few, clearly written pages to her. When I finished she looked at me, with her clear gray eyes and said: —

“ Don’t you think the language is beautiful? ”

I told her it was and most of all the sentiments were those of a dreamer, and idealist, one who has little place in a big, rough world, where people are scrambling for money, for position and for power.

“ That was Mr. Russell,” she said. “ He was well born and had plenty of money, but he shunned the people who made display of their wealth. He could just as well have lived up there ” — pointing to Miami, “ or at Palm Beach, but he did not like the show. He chose to live here, with Dad and me, in this out-of-the-way place and all the time he was happy.”

“ But what of the letter he sent you? ” I asked.

“ Ah! that is too sacred! ” she replied. “ I have never shown it to any one — not even Dad — though I have told him what was in it — but do you know, since he went away from us my life has been changed — and — I am going to St. Augustine to enter a convent. I have made it all clear to Dad and he has agreed. I am getting my things ready now. It is an awful sacrifice from the life I had hoped for — but there is nothing left for me. Dad is to marry one of these Conch’s soon and

what is there for me? I shall go away from the world and the only sweet thing that shall follow me, will be the memory of the six months before that tragedy out there in the bay."

There was a tenderness in the girl's voice which touched my very soul. Just then a boat came to the sandy shore, near which we were sitting, and one of my crew informed me that all repairs had been made and the Captain awaited my orders to proceed.

After the friendly parting and when I was well under way to the yacht, I looked back and Zola Gordon waved her hand in a good-by, which I shall never forget. There was the lone figure on the shore, with its overshadowing palms and its background of blooming hibiscus. I kissed my hand to the lonely girl. For her, life was ended — and yet within was a great soul, full of love, ardor, inspiration and devotion to the cause of love, which for her was forever lost. The memory of that lone figure — and what it portrayed — will live with me to the end of life. It was a picture never to be forgotten.

TWILIGHT ON THE MARSH

It is twilight on the marsh, the dim ending
Of a long sweet day, now weary of golden sunshine,
And yellow spun dreams, all full of romance and love.
From the early waking of the gray dawn,
Out there, over the calm waters of the gulf,
When the first hungry gull flew seaward,
Until this wistful twilight hour,
Each moment has been filled with the glory of perfection:
A day with the thoughts of old, sweet memories in its eyes.

LITTLE SERMONS FOR EVERY-DAY LIVING

YOUTH AND AGE

I

A star comes up with the dawning
And one in the evening sky;
One has its path through the blue to run,
And one, with the day, must die.

II

Youth looks at the star of the dawning
But Age at the star in the west;
Youth hurries, his long, sweet race to run,
But Age asks only rest.

GATES OF TWILIGHT

Close gates of twilight; leave me with the night,
To counsel take and set my soul aright
Of errors that beguiled me in the light,

 This e're I seek repose.

Close with the softness of an angel's tread,
Leaving without no deeds of wrong to dread,
No spoken word that I might wish unsaid;
 Dear gates of twilight, close.

THE GOOD-NIGHT KISS

When lights are lowered in the hall, if we
Into the Future's hidden face could see
 And know that but a little span remains
How tender would the good-night kisses be!

A PRAYER

Dear God, when day runs swiftly in its night,
With all its glitter and its gaudy haze,
Its mockish pretense and o'er crowded ways,
My baser self stalks proudly up the height,
And I forget Thy constant, watchful sight,
That, like a sentry, ever with me stays:

But when the night draws close its ebon veil,
To hush the laughter and the noisy shout,
And silence fills the empty street without,
I see Thy stars beyond the tumult sail,
Lo! then I turn repentant, sad and pale
To plead Thy blessing ere the lights go out!

I

THE LIFE SERENE

THERE is an old Roman saying, cut into many of their ancient altars and monuments, "I count only those hours which are serene."

To most people the words have little meaning, but to those who think and plan for a richer and fuller life they are the essence of wisdom itself.

The life serene, alas, is that which but few seek and which even fewer find. It is the life elusive, so jealous, that only those who are sincere may enter through its secret door and dwell within, where the soft light of peace shall fall like a benediction.

This coveted existence may be attained partly through a study of poetry and art, especially the former. The value of poetry to us, is, that it releases from the everyday work, the work of sham and show, pretense and prejudice — the world of greed, anxiety and irritating

ambition, and brings to our vision those glimpses of ideality and serenity which are so welcome to every weary spirit.

While poetry phantomizes, in a measure, our outlook, it nevertheless, if closely read and studied, stabilizes our souls in the realm of things beautiful and things serene. The poet and the artist have the same mission — to gratify the soul through the eye of the intellect. The study of poetry and the study of art, if diligently followed, will lead the earnest seeker after the serene life into the desired haven more quickly than anything else. Poetry is at its best when it elucidates, in the fewest words, the impression intended to be conveyed, leaving the reader's mind to fill-in those parts which have been merely suggested.

Once I sat in an art gallery, attracted by the beauty of a famous picture which I had never seen before. About the canvas I wove all kinds of beautiful images, one suggesting another, until an hour had gone before I realized its passing. But when I left I found a new impression upon my soul — the serene beauty of the picture had wrought its influence upon my restless spirit and for years afterwards I found it possible, in hours of strenuous living, to recall the quiet beauty of that painting and subdue my restlessness into sympathy with it and its calming influence.

In this age of hurry and anxiety it is difficult to bring our lives into the gentle path of serene living — and yet the doing of this is not impossible. To attain this, however, we must open our souls to the things which will help. A close study of poetry and its quieting effect upon our lives will do more than anything else.

Through a study of poetry we reach the ideals of beauty, which has its direct quieting effect upon the soul and upon our outward life as well. It is not enough to have poise alone. Poise may have a studied effect and be used for a purpose. But a study of poetry —

that is the earnest study of its influence upon the feelings and a liberal reading, will do wonders to lead us into that land of the serene and content which should be the desire of every thinking man and woman.

To get the most out of this, however, one must have the soul clean swept of prejudice and the accumulations of worldly sin. In place of these old idols we must set up new ones of love, charity and a desire to live the best which our capabilities permit. The closer study we give to great poetic works, thus filling our minds with lofty thoughts and ideals, the more will our souls be imbued with that serenity which is the end we so devoutly seek.

Lafcadio Hearne, in describing an isolated section in an almost unknown part of Japan, said that the "lonesomeness of the place was so intense that it seemed as if no prayer had been offered in that valley for a thousand years." The thought is wonderfully beautiful and artistic and fixes a picture in the heart, which cannot be easily forgotten.

Poetry has the effect of phantomizing and idealizing life. Its world is the world of vision which knows no limit and its seas flow on beyond all boundaries of our known geography.

It is the opposite of all things known, of all things familiar — hence its attractiveness to exclusive souls — the real aristocrats in the world of higher living. It knows reality, but deals also with the mystic and the spectral. It shows you the full blown peachtree, standing out like a vision in the April sunshine; it paints the picture of an ingle-nook where Love has set up his altar for everlasting worship; it opens the heart of the penitent where sin has been confessed and where the joy of forgiveness has come in to take the place of sorrow; even the hunger of an outcast soul it paints, and spreads upon the landscape of hill and sky the glories of a day in June.

Poetry will take you into the out-of-the-way places of the desert and show you the full-blooming almond tree,

in the water-blessed oasis, surrounded by the withering heat of a tropical sun.

It will open to you the soul of sin, red with the stain of crime, and reveal to you the serenity and peace which comes to the penitent, who has sought the pity of the Master.

Is there anything else in life, the study of which can so surely lead us into the paths of serenity and peace, as the study of this one great art, the crowning of all arts?

We are all sensuous, physical, full of the old Adamic nature and this is well. It is all the better that we know our limitations and know the temptations to which we are subjected. The cup, containing the wine of life is forever held up before us, from which we are asked to drink. The siren hand holds forth the apple, just the same, as of old. The human is always with us. Life would not be worth while without its temptations.

To have lived the human, with all its carnality and sensuous endearments and then to have passed into that other sphere of serene ideality — is the supreme end of human experience.

Life is enriched through the many things we do. Yet man can only be hurt by the harm he does himself. Outside of himself, no one can rob him. No one can take away from him the things which he determines to keep.

And if he trains his soul in the love of poetry and art — so that his feet may walk in the smooth pathway of right, holding firmly to the things he has learned from the great teacher, experience, then he shall find the road of serenity ever growing more serene; and life shall become to him a great benediction of peace.

The real artist can see a star where other mortals see darkness only. The song of the swamp robin meant nothing to the thousands who had heard it sing in the marshes of Georgia, but when Sidney Lanier listened to

it he heard a symphony of sounds, which he interpreted, upon his flute, into the most entrancing music.

Cultivate, especially, the eye and the ear. Look for color and beauty everywhere, listen for melody wherever you go or wherever you happen to be. The sight of a glorious sunrise will lighten the toil of the entire day — the glory of a cloud-flecked sunset will bless the silence of the night watches.

The great value of poetry to us is that it releases us from the actualities of life and sweeps us into the realm of the ideal; it takes us away from the discordant noises of trade and throws about us the ethereal mist of vision and romance. Then, too, it softens the heart and the sensibilities, making us more susceptible to spiritual influences and spiritual impulses.

Poetry is the one thing in life which takes us away from its actualities and gives our poor, starving souls a taste of spirituality. In this respect the great majority of people allow themselves to go through life famished for the lack of one of the strongest demands of their natures. Not a day passes but millions of souls cry out for serenity and peace, but they cry in vain. The clamor of trade and the noise of the street smother the still small voice which asks for bread and is given a stone. Souls are starved for the want of this spiritual nourishment which can be so easily given.

God pity the man or the woman who lives entirely in the real — into whose life the soothing influence of poetry and romance plays no part and whose soul never feels the blessed touch of spirituality.

II

IDEALS IN THE SPIRIT OF HIGHER LIVING

It is most regrettable how far below our real capabilities the average person of intelligence lives. Perhaps the responsibility for this rests at the door of ignorance — our ignorance of what great glory life has to offer and bestow upon us, if we only reach forth our hands to receive it.

Life is such a wonderful thing, such a precious thing, that few of us realize its worth until the longer end of the journey lies behind us, with the little doubtful span ahead, all crowded with the things we wish to do. Not until we fully value the actual worth of this thing we call life, not until we are made to know that each new day is tensioned with possibilities for happiness and accomplishment, can we arise to that sublime height of living to which the gift of existence entitles us. When once we come into the full realization of this fact, then, and not until then, will our souls arise to the occasion of accomplishment, and henceforth, until the end of the journey, we shall live those great ideals in the spirit of poetic beauty which the Master intended should be the crowning thing in our mortal existence.

“Each day shall bring both gladness and its cares —
Each dawn its silvered light of hope
And twilight, too, its blessing and its prayers.”

It is difficult to make this problem clear to those who have not thought seriously upon the subject. As mortals we are too inclined to listen to the siren songs of pleasure and personal gratification as we sail along over the waters

of life, even though some, like the old Greek hero, may pretend to stop their ears to the bewitching music. The love of the carnal is so strong in our Adamic nature, and the outstretched hand, with the apple, is so ever-present, that one must have the resolute will and the untemptable soul not to stumble upon these rocks in the human pathway and arise to those heights where the clear sunlight of ideal existence shines.

To do this requires strength of soul and the drawing of logical conclusions for one's ultimate happiness. No weakling has a showing in this contest and where weakness is a natural inheritance this must be overcome by the development of a resolute will and a determination to forego a carnal for a spiritual happiness.

One result of this new life is to take away from our souls the fear and dread of Death. When we have learned this lesson of higher living that grim creature loses his ghostly face and becomes a comrade, whom we shall meet at the end of the journey, not with fear, but with a willingness to follow the will of the great Master into whatever new paths he may have directed our feet. We shall live in constant anticipation of the great adventure which lies just ahead of us, knowing, from a keen sense of our immortality, that we are going out into a new existence, entering which we shall say:—

“ Into thy face, O Death, when thou shalt call
I'll look with calmness and a welcome hand;
Thy presence naught my spirit shall appall
As we go forth into the unknown land.

“ As we go forth, adventurers, you and I,
Seeking the by-ways which no mortals know
Like comrades we shall journey far and high
Sharing one fate, as friends, and not as foe!

“ What vast extent our winged flight shall take
I cannot tell, but thou shalt be my guide;

And lo! I feel this comradeship will make
Our hearts as one, beyond the great divide."

And when this ideal of higher living has been reached, when the fear of death has been eliminated and we look forward to the other life, that lies ahead, with increasing interest, then, and not until then, have we achieved the victory, which the Master intended should be ours. Henceforth the pathway shall be smooth and every day shall pass as a new page in this interesting book of existence, the story of which must increase for us, the further we go into its mysteries.

Life, dear reader, is but a mystery for you to solve out of your own knowledge and out of the experience of those who have studied its intricate ways. You shall know its fullness and its glory only after you have cleansed your soul of sin and doubt and fear, and through this cleansing have arisen to those imperial heights of ideality, which belong to you by inheritance, as a kinsman of the gods.

To make clearer this thought in which every sane man and woman must have a personal interest, because it concerns everyone, we must go back into the folios of literature and learn from that source the great lesson from the lives of others. There we find examples that illustrate and make clear this wonderful thought of living ideals in the spirit of poetic beauty and while the examples given are necessarily taken from the lives of great men and women they no less illustrate the possibilities open to every one, no matter how limited his talents and capabilities.

The life of Robert Browning stands out as a most typical example of what is meant by living a life of the highest ideals and what glory it brought to that immortal singer. When he first met Elizabeth Barrett, Browning was one of the most courted men in England. He had already won undying fame by his poetry — his name was

upon every lip; he was dined, courted and worshiped everywhere. When he met the ugly little Barrett woman, then an invalid and very poor, the daughter of an unknown and erratic country parson, he turned away from all the glory which London was ready to shower upon him in the way of a brilliant marriage and sought the hand of the unknown country girl. Browning had seen some of Miss Barrett's poems and saw in her intellect the comradeship which his soul was seeking. Henceforth he turned away from the gilded path which had stretched out before him and chose a life with this invalid and physically unattractive little woman instead. And yet the reward was great, as all of Browning's future proved. He chose to live his ideals in the poetic spirit of beauty, which the woman whom his intellect worshiped, rather than to go that easy path of sensual pleasure which the other roadway so abundantly offered. The result was a happy Browning, happy because he had chosen to sacrifice the carnal for the spiritual — and out of this happiness came those works of artistic beauty which have immortalized the age in which he lived.

If we open that splendid book, outlining the life and ideals of Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, the famous painter-poet, we find an example not unlike the one just quoted in many respects, and certainly an example where faithfulness to high ideals marked a life of varied experiences. He too was famous as painter and poet in London, but when he saw the beautiful face of Elizabeth Siddall one day while walking the streets with his mother, he felt that his eyes had met those of the one woman in all the world for him. She was poor, and of unknown family, but Rossetti sought an introduction and married her soon afterwards. This face he made famous in many of his great pictures and immortalized Elizabeth Siddall through that greatest of all poems, "The Blessed Damozel." The love he bore the woman was such that when she died the manuscript of the poem he buried

with her; and not until seven years afterwards was this famous literary document rescued from the grave, through the insistent entreaties of his friends. Through all the after life of almost incessant work, as artist and poet, Rossetti was constantly inspired by the hidden influence which this beloved woman had exerted upon his soul.

The work of Daniel Gabriel Rossetti, while it had its faults, was an inspiration to all those with whom he came in contact and his life and effort will always stand out as a helpful thing to those who try to reach the higher plane of ideal living. In a number of his oil paintings and water colors the face of his Beatrice appears — the wife of his artist-dreams; the great underlying inspiration of all of his best works.

All of which leads into another line of thought in discussing higher ideals in living. For most men and women an inspiration is necessary, that is our frail human natures require the stimulus of some one to urge us up the heights, to the highways of idealism upon which the sunlight of God's blessings forever falls. Fortunate, however, is man, that such inspiration has been furnished by the all-wise design of a great providence, which rules and guides our destinies. The love of one woman, the face of a little child, or the look of a devoted mother will often be more powerful in guiding one's feet into the high-road of peace than all other influences combined. Against such influences, even sin, with all of its glittering embellishments, can have no influence with the resolute one, who has set his face towards the right. And blessed of all men is he upon whose soul such an influence for good has cast its hallowed light.

Perhaps the life of Tennyson offers us the most illuminating example of exalted living and thinking of any single personage in literature. And while his life was ideal, in the main, there crept into it some very disquieting influences, which had, for a time, their damaging ef-



*"Love builds his altar alike beside castle hall or cottage
hearth."*

fect upon his happiness, yet left, as a final result, an uplift of real worth. For a time, Tennyson's religious horizon was much beclouded with disturbing doubts. His clear, logical mind analyzed things too closely. Looking about him at the poverty, sin and suffering in the world he naturally asked why these things should be, if one great, merciful God had power to prevent them. In the domain of his human logic he could find no satisfactory answer to this question and for a time his soul was full of doubt, skeptical and much disturbed.

And yet these doubts could not long find an abiding place in the great Tennysonian heart. He argued with himself that for a thousand years the sun had never failed to rise at its appointed hour, the stars to shine, the seasons to come and go, the flowers to bloom, the birds to sing — spring to follow spring — all ordered by some great will, great beyond the power of the human intellect to understand. There could be no chance — all of these things must have some powerful directing spirit to make them do his bidding. And so, when the great soul of Tennyson thus analyzed his human doubt, as against these ever constant proofs of an all powerful directing head of the universe, his soul found peace and he ever afterwards walked the highway of idealism, with the spirit of poetic beauty always present with him.

William Morris was erratic, socialistic, and his brilliant intellect made him a notable figure in the literary and artistic history of his time. He espoused the cause of the poor and vainly spent a large part of his time and talent in trying to better their condition. He held up to his audience and showed to his readers the miserable condition of the poverty-stricken population of his time. Through the brilliancy of his appeals he revealed the suffering of these wretched people, the clanking chains which held them in bondage, the comfortless hovels which the world had given them for homes — and, listening, one could hear their very groans of misery and de-

spair. But William Morris lived to learn that such conditions were not new to his age, that they had always existed, that all he could do was to relieve, in a small way, what was possible with his own hands and be content with that. So out of his stormy invective came the time of peace, out of his bitterness at what seemed an intolerant age came that restful calm, which followed and blessed him to the end of life.

Misfortune is a great stimulus to spiritual life and ideal living. Two familiar characters stand out in the annals of our Southern literary history which splendidly portray this truth. Both Paul Hayne and Henry Timrod belonged to that fine old school of aristocrats in Charleston, South Carolina, and but for the misfortunes which war brought upon them would doubtless have been gentlemen of leisure and died without a history. As it was, however, the war swept away their fortunes, left both penniless and refined the gold that was in their natures. These men turned away from all selfish wishes and walked in the hard, but clear-cut road of duty — reaching, through the intercession of misfortune, the heights of ideality which gave us such immortal poems as "The Pine" by Hayne and "Spring" by Timrod. The pure gold was in each heart, yet it required financial ruin and a stripping away of all that might tempt to selfishness, in order that the best in these two lovable natures might be given to the world to guide others into the same safe path of fine living.

From a broad viewpoint Sidney Lanier portrayed in his own life this great ideal in human living, perhaps more than any figure which stands out from the pages of literature. This one man stood absolutely above and away from the carnality of existence and even through sorrow, poverty and misfortune, walked contentedly in the clear sunlight of idealism, which is something akin to immortality itself. He gave up the practice of law that he might devote his life to the call of music and po-



"The Soul of Grief is softened through repentant tears."

etry — knowing all the time that in doing this he was making a sacrifice that would be fatal to his personal comfort. He heard the clear call and, true idealist that he was, Lanier answered with childlike willingness, feeling that he was honored through the intercession of music and the muse. Had he remained at his law work in Macon doubtless his personal comfort would have been very different indeed — fortune would have smoothed the rough places for his feet, but there would never have come into his life that spiritual glory which filled his soul as the author of "Sunrise" and "The Marches of Glynn."

These examples are given that we may fully understand the struggles which are almost sure to follow our attempt to rise and live the higher life of the idealist. And these examples are taken from the lives of those, who stand out, as shining lights for us to follow. If they could go forth, with all powerful intellects, and after crossing these Alpine difficulties, come out into the clear, sunny plains of content, then much easier is the task for us.

Those who would walk this road of ideal living — who would make the most of life and dwell in that atmosphere so close to immortality, must cleanse their souls of human stain and strip their hearts of human prejudice. There is no room here for the Pharisee, for the hypocritical, for pride, false, or real, for dishonesty, for fear, nor yet for those who are weak and wavering. It is the highway for strong souls — for those who are broad enough to forgive and tender enough to forget. Once there was a Magdalene in the story of the Master's life. The Master forgave her sin and bid her go forth and sin no more. On the day of the crucifixion He forgave the thief at His side. Perhaps the hardest things in our human make-up is to reconcile this spirit with our ideas of living. Yet if we would reach the blessed heights, where the sunlight from heaven is calling, we

must teach our souls to follow the Master's steps, we, too, must welcome the Magdalene and tell the thief that we shall journey together to the land beyond. This is the spirit of broadness, of liberality and freedom towards those who have erred, which must come into our own lives and be a part of the religion we *live* and not simply profess.

The dominating note of hope in the world today, a stronger love of life and a determination to live up to its fullest capabilities, is the one unanswerable argument to the pessimist that we are making progress and that life today means more to man, than it has ever meant before. To the man or the woman who thinks, who looks out upon existence and sizes its vast possibilities for accomplishments, life never meant so much as it means now. All the literature of the past, its art and beauty — all the inventions which have enriched the home — all the discoveries in medicine and science — make man the wealthier, and naturally make life to him more worth while than ever before.

Therefore, when we come to look upon this little span of allowance given us here, and realize its rich possibilities for happiness, the man or the woman who has the wisdom to use this asset to best advantage will not be slow to utilize every moment which a benevolent, divine being gives for improvement. Every day has its possibilities. Every night will bring its reward of blessed peace, beside the ingle-nook of home, and even our dreams will plan new things we shall do for our fellow-man on the morrow.

Blessed is he and blessed is she who shall arise to the height of this intensive living, in which no hour shall be lost, in which no opportunity shall be neglected for blessing the world through which we walk, both for the good of our fellow-men and for the good of our own souls!

And, unless we wish to squander life as a prodigal, to waste our substance in a kind of living that brings not

joy but grief, no other road is open. There are but two. One is the road of right, the other the road of wrong. Each will choose his own pathway out of these two, either follow the one that finally leads to disaster, or the better way that leads into the plains of serenity and peace. It does not require the intelligence of a philosopher for my reader to decide which roadway he will choose.

III

THE GENTLE ART OF BEING KIND

“ So many gods, so many creeds —
So many roads that twist and wind;
While just the art of being kind
Is all the old world needs.”

WE are so inclined to selfishness, through our human inheritance of sin, that we lose sight of one great art in living — the art of being kind.

The proper exercise of this one virtue means more, perhaps, to us and more to others, with whom we come in daily contact, than any other one thing in dealing with our fellow men.

The art of kindness is a two-fold virtue, it blesses the giver and the receiver alike. One never did an act of charity, without receiving a swift reward, one never parted with a gift to the needy without the consciousness of being richer, far beyond the value of the thing bestowed.

The world has its many gods, its multiplicity of creeds, its devious, winding ways of right and wrong, but when life is analyzed and these various claims investigated, the real true essence of living is kindness. This is what makes sunshine in the world. This is what lifts a fallen brother out of his misfortune and puts him upon his feet again, this is what will enable the woman who has sinned to go forth and live the better life in the spirit of the Master — in other words kindness will accomplish more than all the legislation in the world, which attempts to regulate the morality of a man or a woman by the stern and drastic power of law.

The world has never yet been able to legislate moral-

ity into a single soul. So long as the old Adamic nature is there so long will the desire to err exist. This is implanted so deeply in the make-up of each mortal that no outward law can change it. Legislate to regulate the habits of a man or a woman and you fail, even before your law is passed, because such legislation is impossible, on account of the condition with which it has to deal. You may by drastic power take away one temptation, but so long as human nature remains the same, another temptation, even worse than the one you have destroyed, will take its place. Human ingenuity will always devise its ways for diversion — always has and always will — so legislative enactment to regulate the moral status of a man or a woman is simply a waste of energy and a waste of time.

And yet in the face of this great fact, which stands out as clearly in the sunlight of truth, as the blue sky on a summer's day, the world is full of would-be-reformers, mostly political and of the ultra-fanatical type, who would make you believe that religion, reform and right living can be fixed in every human soul by legislative enactment.

The would-be-reformers who are abroad in our land today represent a class who are the direct antithesis of the spirit of kindness, as we understand it, and as taught by the great Master two thousand years ago. These are now wearing the face of sternness instead of the face of benevolence and good-will. They have evolved a new creed by which to regulate the morality of the world — the power of law and the jail to redeem a man's soul from damnation. The underlying motive of these reformers is the very opposite of the gospel of kindness which the Master taught and why these new prophets of a false doctrine can have so many followers is only explained by the ignorance of the great masses upon whose sensibilities they play.

Perhaps the most powerful among "these wolves in

sheep's clothing " are the cheap politicians of the present day. These are the impostors, whose spirit of intolerance and hypocrisy makes them stand out as the opposite of what the spirit of kindness really is and means. Such men harangue their audiences with thunderous invective upon the depravity of our age, promising, if elected, to pass every imaginable law that will put religion into the soul of the entire human race and speedily bring on the long delayed millennium. And when these men take the high office, to which they have been undeservingly elected, they start, rampant upon a crusade of reform through law-enactment — knowing in their very souls that morality was never legislated into a single human being.

The very worst part of this phase of the question is, however, that it engenders a spirit of bitterness. More than that, it takes on the form of oppression. It sets up one class of followers against another, divides a nation, a state, a community — the direct result being to destroy the spirit of kindness, which this old world needs far more than the enactment of more laws. Our great trouble is that we have too many laws and too little kindness — too much selfishness and a dearth of benevolence — too many Pharisees and not enough Samaritans.

I sometimes hate the tyranny of law
Because my love of freedom is so wide.
The very thought of locks and chains is awe
To one who has no guilty act to hide.

I watch the birds about my cottage gate
And envy all the freedom they possess;
I see the clouds that swiftly go or wait,
And wonder why man's freedom should be less!

But there is another famous character with us in these later days — perhaps more dangerous than the cheap politician — the self-righteous fanatic. He comes of a

distinguished lineage, tracing his family-tree back to the dark ages of savagery and inhuman persecution. While his dress is different from his forefather of the old inquisition days and of the witch-burning New England age, yet there is no break in the chain by which he traces his family history. He is just as cruel as all of his ancestors, just as intolerant and just as determined to "rule or ruin" as were they. Time has not softened his heart, experience has taught him no lesson, while mercy and the spirit of kindness have no place in his theory of dealing with his fellow-men.

The fanatic is in a class all to himself. He can see good in his own soul only — nothing but evil in the hearts of others. You must agree with him, or he will fight you to the last ditch. Such a thing as tolerance is unknown to his nature. He hates bitterly all who oppose him — his theory being to rule or destroy. Grant him what he asks today and tomorrow his demands will be even greater. He hesitates at nothing to carry his point, even to the extent of destroying others — if custom and law should give him that privilege.

The fanatic sees only one side of a question. All of his own acts are justified, no matter how much at variance they be with the views of others. The "holier than thou" will put on his sanctified face and will ride for miles on a cold Sunday afternoon, in a comfortable limousine, but he will oppose, with all his energy, the opening of an innocent picture show for the enjoyment of the poor workman and his children, who has this one day only for recreation.

Go back over the pages of history as far as the records will carry and you will find this character always active. He has always given the world trouble and has caused humanity more suffering, under the false guise of doing good, than all other things combined — not excepting the horrors and brutality of war.

Of all the creatures who infest the world with their

baneful influence, the fanatic came under the Master's most emphatic denunciation. The Pharisee, the hypocrite, the false prophet, he classed under one head and bewailed their place in a world where he was trying to teach benevolence, kindness and tolerance — the great virtues which have no place in the fanatic's creed.

In a life-long study of these characters, which go hand in hand — the political and fanatical — I have never yet found one in whose heart the spirit of kindness ruled. Instead of this there was the stern demeanor of face and a sterner setting of the heart against all humanity — a kind of essence of cruelty and vindictiveness which means "follow me and my creed, or I shall have you damned."

Intolerance has always been regarded as the rankest of all sins. It is the offspring of bigotry and ignorance — two of the vilest parents by which any child could be cursed. And yet it stalks through our world today — with its "holier-than-thou" countenance, walking arm in arm with church and state and with the good and respectable alike — when, in reality, it should be an outcast and shunned by all who set any value upon their individual respectability.

When there has once been meted out to the fanatic, the bigot, the Pharisee and the intolerant the punishment which is their just due, then and not until then, will this old world become better; then and not until then will the religion of tolerance and kindness come into the souls of men; and feet which have been led astray in the paths of ignorance will once more walk in the sunny roadway of peace and gladness.

And so, my reader, you who must be trying to do your share in the uplift of the world, remember this: —

"That just the creed of being kind
Is all the old world needs."

By following this fundamental doctrine, laid down by the Master, you will not only save your heart from com-

plicity with false theories, but will simplify your religion — making your daily life a blessing to those with whom you come in contact. Your smile, your honest handshake, your heart-felt “God-bless-you,” to some unfortunate, is worth more than all the fanatic accomplishes in a life-time. You live a religion of “every-day kindness.” It is not so much the gift, as the spirit in which the gift is made. I had rather relieve the poor widow, in her day for urgent need, by giving her the bread her suffering children required to sustain life — than to preach a thousand sermons upon the sin of humanity.

I had rather be the man who took the ragged little newsboy into a store on Christmas morning and sent him out with a new suit, shoes and gloves into the cold winter wind than to be the author of the most noted law, whose aim was to legislate religion into the souls of men. The act of the one was practical charity — that of the other was bombastic pretense.

In the eyes of the Master the Good Samaritan, who tenderly helped the man in distress, was a saint to the proud, pretending Pharisees who passed on the other side of the road. And when the great Teacher asked those who were without sin to cast the first stone at the woman who had fallen, He enunciated a truth that fixes and proves this fact in the philosophy of human kindness.

Hypocrisy, pretense and deception can have no place in the heart where kindness dwells. The soul of the fanatic is so far removed from the spirit of true religion as one pole is distant from the other. These baser attributes in human make-up have no part whatever in the spirit of kindness, humanity and benevolence. God's curse rests upon the one, while his smile is forever upon the other.

Teach me, O God,
To love the meek of earth,
Soft words of kindness, gentleness and mirth;
The sea-swept dunes, beside the shore —

The wild, free birds that swiftly soar —
The waves that sob — the waves that roar —
The sands that whiten as they dry,
The mystery of gulls that fly,
Like souls, forever asking why?
Teach me the broader faith that heeds
A human cry, above the wall of creeds —
That hears the wail of human needs.

“A BAR OF SONG” AND ITS AUTHOR

A New Book by Henry E. Harman, Together with Critical Reviews of his Work.

Several years have elapsed since we brought out Mr. H. E. Harman's last book, “Dreams of Yesterday.” Since that time he has done his best work—the work of riper experience and finish—all of which is embodied in this new volume, “A Bar of Song.”

During these two years the critics have passed favorably upon Mr. Harman's poetry and have given him a high place in the world of letters. That most discriminating of American newspapers, *The Boston Transcript*, devoted nearly three columns to a review of Mr. Harman's books, a part of which article is herein reproduced. Extracts are also given from the Atlanta papers, showing how highly his work is esteemed by his own people.

Mr. H. E. Harman's work holds an enviable place in the literature of this country and especially of the South. Writing verse has been rather a diversion with him. His serious business has been trade paper publishing, out of which he has made a conspicuous success in Atlanta. And yet in the midst of this busy life, with its keen competition and commercial exactions, he has found time to look up at the stars and sing with a clear sounding note. “It is rare, in these days of materialism,” says *The Atlanta Constitution*, “that a poet sings with sufficient clearness to draw to him the eyes of the nation, and yet this is what Mr. Harman has done.”

It is, therefore, a great pleasure for us to announce “A Bar of Song,” Mr. Harman's latest and best volume. In the artistic production of this we have spared no expense and believe it to be a sample of book-making of which any publisher may well be proud. It is beautifully illustrated in a most artistic manner, so that both in mechanical production and especially from a literary standpoint “A Bar of Song” will add new laurels to Mr. Harman's reputation as a writer of exquisite verse.

THE STATE COMPANY,
Publishers and Book Sellers,
Columbia, S. C.

REVIEW OF MR. HARMAN'S LITERARY WORK

(From *The Boston Transcript*.)

I found in Mr. Harman's poetry, not an echo, but a feeling for nature, a spiritual passion, though it concerns itself with the humbler things of life, that makes the glow in the art of Sidney Lanier. There is much of that poignant personal utterance common in both poets, the difference being that in Lanier the soul searches throughout the infinite for the divine manifestations of peace and beauty, while in Harman the soul is content to find in common experiences close at hand the same divine manifestations of peace and beauty.

This more serious thoughtfulness that I have indicated does not necessarily mean that it is the most significant part of Mr. Harman's art. He loves Nature as I have shown, with a passion for her forms and colors, her changing aspects of seasons, for her manifestations of character in places with which his life has been associated. He does something more than use her profuse loveliness to decorate a pretty rhyme; he finds in her symbols of deeper things, of the spirit, and of influences which touched the heart of humanity. But he brings another message to his readers in these poems, such a message as is the essential mood and substance in the art of such poets as Longfellow and James Whitcomb Riley and Eugene Field. It has its plentiful sprinklings of pathos and tenderness and brooding music, but it is the wholesomeness, the ideal of aspiring faith, that gives to his songs their heartening and irresistible appeal. The poet does not vex his readers with any symbol of philosophy, but the essence of a philosophy imbues all he sings with a conspicuous and easy grace.

Yet this quality is only a pathway in Mr. Harman's poetry to the crowning heights of his muse where dwells the god to whom his melodies and dreams become an oblation. Love is that god, but the poet does not conceive him as the popular and irrelevant idol of a light-hearted fancy. He becomes the master-passion of the human heart; of which the sentiment that compels man to worship woman, and woman to glorify the worship by acceptance, and for which she exchanges in equal measure her devotion, is but a part, though it is the most beautiful and vital of this passion. This passion comes into all other human relationships as well, breathing its perfume of many sentiments, and quieting the emotions in the many moods of Mr. Harman's poetry.

Poetry that has so much deep feeling, so many charming graces of expression, in which the rich and varied sentiments of common human experience are woven all through with the fragrance and mystery, the delightful companionship of nature, is certainly worthy of that wider admiration among poetry lovers which it is steadily winning.

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

(From *The Charlotte* [N. C.] *Observer*.)

Mr. Harman is more happily situated than have been most of his fellow-singers. Born amid surroundings which required that whatever material comfort he was to enjoy must depend upon his own efforts and upon these alone, he early faced the world with shoulders squared and teeth set. But from the beginning and throughout his career around those set teeth the lips have been curled in a smile which has never for a single instant become bitter. Knocks he has had and hard ones but he has ever been ready to pick his flint and try again. Thus it is that with much of life still before him he has amassed a competency for himself and his loved ones and at the same time earned the respect and esteem of the business circles in which he moves. This could never have been accomplished except by a combination of unflagging devotion to business and keen commercial insight.

How comes it, then, that this busy man of affairs whose name is a synonym over several states for business acumen and indefatigable hard work is at the same time a singer of lays as dainty as my lady's lace handkerchief, as sweet as the spring dawns he loves so well, as pure as the unclouded heaven? The answer to the query goes far toward explaining the merit of Harman's poetry. Business man he is with a living to make; this because Heaven has given him loved ones to support and money is needed to support them. But poet he is, not by any man's will, but by birth. His message he must give — there is simply no avoiding the issue.

Harman's own absolutely sane appreciation of his gift and its relation to himself, his friends and the world at large constitutes one of his greatest attractions. It is not his intention to strike a new or unheard note; he is no Shelley wasting his strength in rebellion against established authority, no Byron taking delight in the violation of every convention. Our poet's temperament is entirely averse to any sensationalism. Acutely sensitive to the beauties of nature — he probably cannot remember a time when woods, trees, flowers, sunsets and streams and birds were not to him eloquent — he hymns these beauties in music of the most lilting rhythm. Upon almost every page of "Dreams of Yesterday" his love of nature is manifest. It played a large part in his earlier volumes and will remain a delight to him as long as he lives.

AN ESTIMATE FROM HOME PEOPLE

"I want to send you my sincere thanks for the great service you have done me in sending me Mr. Harman's 'In Love's Domain.' My long absence from my native State has caused me to miss Mr. Harman's work, and it was a pleasure to find it so beautiful and true. It is not a mere versification that I find in this book, but poetry, literature and noble feeling cast in noble form. I hope you will present my compliments to Mr. Harman, and express to him my deep sense of pride in his work and appreciation of his thoughtfulness."—President Edwin Alderman, University of Virginia.

(Editorial from the *Atlanta Journal*.)

Whoever prizes the gold of the sun and the green of the fields will find treasure a plenty in Mr. H. E. Harman's new book of poems, "The Gates of Twilight." In a day when clever conceits and so-called new ideas are the fad in verse, it is refreshing to find a man who goes back to primal haunts and gives us a song with the old, red, warm blood running through it. Poetry is as old as the stars, and like the stars, too, it is forever young. It links all our yesterdays with all our to-morrows. It is the savor of old wine, the glow of old wood on the hearthstone, the wisdom of old books, the cheer of old friends.

Such are the themes of Mr. Harman's song. He tells us again out of his own heart, and simply, of the things that always have and always will mean much to mankind.

(From *The Atlanta Constitution*.)

Signal literary recognition has come to Harry E. Harman, a well-known citizen and capitalist of Atlanta, in an extended and favorable review recently given Mr. Harman's poetical selections by no less critical an authority than *The Boston (Mass.) Transcript*. *The Constitution* reproduces portions of *The Transcript's* appreciation, though the entire review extends over two columns.

The Transcript is foremost among American newspapers in its literary standards. To the culture of Boston, it adds exacting traditions and ideals of its own. The imprimatur of its approval means that a writer has "arrived" in a sense truly national. And it is as a national poet, nation-wide in vision and horizon, that *The Transcript* acclaims the Atlanta man.

It is rare, in these days of materialism, that a poet sings with sufficient clearness to draw to him the eyes of the nation. That is what Mr. Harman has done. It is the more notable, in that, like Edmund Clarence Stedman, the famous banker-littérateur of New York, he adds practical achievement to his remarkable gifts as a poet and a scholar.

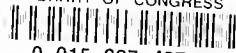
PUBLISHER'S NOTE

Mr. Harman's books have, perhaps a larger clientele of appreciative readers than any living Southern poet has ever enjoyed. The first edition of "A Bar of Song" has been largely sold and to make sure of a copy, orders should be sent at once. The price is \$1.50 per copy postage paid.

Send orders either direct to the publishers or through your local book seller.

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